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*See real bottom, page 21



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January 1980

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Joan Lin, and wild, John Barry.



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Backstage with Esquire

Degrees of Know-how

For those new readers who've never before heard the roaring explanation of how the Delicate Achievement Award (page 15) got put together, here is a really oversimplified account. Staff people are so the lookout your road for potential ideas, the best sources being the bottoms of newspaper columns and the first few paragraphs of White House press releases. All such clips go into a box near Anne Pastan's desk. Early in September, a reliable and tireless person (this past, Lisa Kennedy) reviews the newspaper to recognizable size and feeds it to the editors, who meet to write the inspired headlines. She also feeds them refreshments, the favorite this year being cheese Danish. So if you think last year's awards were better than this year's, don't blame Anne, Lisa, the rest of us, or Danes. Blame the Danish.

We're pleased to welcome Harri-
Wane K. Salisbury back into our
pages this month ("Mr. New York
Times," page 26). Salisbury began as a
reporter for *The Minneapolis Journal* in
1925 and later spent eighteen years
with UPI. He joined *The New York
Times* in 1949 as a Moscow correspond-
ent, and his articles won a Pulitzer
Prize in 1955. Now on the *Times's*
New York staff, Salisbury has com-
pleted a book on his longtime newspaper-
man friend, the portrait of Abe
Rosenfeld in this issue. Salisbury, who
lives in Connecticut, will soon begin
writing his memoirs.

Reporter David Neuman, twenty-
three, who spent a month trudging
through California's crumbling hippie
towns and dope fields in search of
"American weed" ("American Weed,"
by Sarafian, page 51), studied jour-
nalism at Syracuse University. He did
time on the copy desk of the *Daily Re-
cord* in Morrisville, New Jersey, be-
fore crossing the Hudson River in
1974 to become an editor at *New
York's* *Soho Weekly News*. He has also
been a correspondent for *The Village
Voice* and for London's *Time Out*
magazine. Of the sagacity and enter-
prise of California's marijuana grow-
ers, Neuman says, "The whole dope
issue is yet another triumph for good
old American know-how." ■

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Letters

The Sound and the Fury

Hef for Breakfast

I think it is absolutely hilarious to present Hefner as a sex symbol ("The Erotic History of Hugh Hefner, Part 1," November) life's a lot enough, guy. I suppose, and a good housewife, but on TV he comes across as a bowl of cold oatmeal, and I would expect him to fall apart if he didn't hang on to his pipe.

Alisa T. Fries
Beverly, Mass.

That Le Roisy Style

Taki Theodoreopolis's piece on Le Roisy in *Esquire's* October issue (High Life: "The Shock-Alike Man") is as superficial as it is inaccurate.

Le Roisy is far from "the poshest school in the world." Any American prep school and even some public schools offer facilities exceeding by far those available at Le Roisy. The school does not even have a unified campus—the girls' school, La Coombe, is separated from the main school by an apartment house. The girls have to be bused over to Le Roisy.

As in most private schools, the rooms are sparse and the living quarters limited. Admittedly, Le Roisy provides superior food and the surroundings are pleasant. The sports facilities are limited.

Theodoreopolis's famous names and the multitude of not-so-famous ones grow up in so many settings but in modest quarters and can't quite discipline as well as high expectations. This school, as do others, tries to instill in its pupils a sense of responsibility and academic achievement. It prepares them for their adult life and for the obligations they face. As the saying goes, "adulthood oblige." That is why parents send their children to private schools and incur added expense. Life at Le Roisy is neither more permissive nor more depressed than at any public school—in fact, it is probably much more restrictive and disciplined.

Blair Ephraimson-Aht
Seattle River, N.J.

Both Le Roisy and Eric have received angry critics because neither

school is renowned for teaching graduate courses in the sands of midwest. In my opinion, however, Le Roisy has certainly turned out many well-educated, mature types who seem to be able to defend themselves politely in a tough capitalist society, in two or three languages.

Dennis Osborne
Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

Retaining What He Borrowed

We are so dumb to suppose that as a member of the elite and tedious institutional set he regularly descends, Taki has all those shabby qualities of style he was struggling to define in your November issue (High Life: "What, Then, is Style?").

As a writer, however, he has less style than the author from whom he borrowed a witty aspidochronometer to reach his conventional end. As I recall, it was not Taki but George Bernard Shaw who first described a society (America as a whole, not Hollywood) as having progressed from barbarism to decadence without the intervening stage of civilization.

Leslie Frier
Washington, D.C.

Editor's note: Although others attributed the epigram to H. L. Mencken, Oscar Wilde, and Henry James, the real author appears to be George Clemenceau. According to Barlett's, the French statesman said, "America is the only nation in history which miraculously has gone directly from barbarism to decadence without the usual period of civilization."

The Holy Gool

Re Ken Kray's "The Day After Superman Dies" (October). I have never enjoyed reading a magazine story as much as I did this one. What a superman Neil Cusady truly was! And, so my way of thinking, I've not so sure he came out the better in his meeting with "Lars Doff." But then, I'm a prejudiced disciple of The Holy Gool. And that's the way it was, and that's the way it is to this good day.

Barclay Frier
Denver, Colo.

King Cole

I've always wanted to write to *Esquire*, but it wasn't till now that I felt suitably outraged. In "New York Night Looks" (November), you referred to Peter Allen as a "Cole Porter for the Eighties." Come on! Although my critical tastes are mostly rock-oriented, even I know that Allen couldn't hold the match to light the candle that he couldn't hold to Cole Porter!

Steven M. Dicks
Pleasant, Va.

El To, Elky?

So you too have succumbed to the David Berthelard brand of gibberish ("The Emerald," November). To be sure, it is aesthetically else these days to be delightfully different, deliciously decadent, but in this instance the piece comes out a pretentious bore, not to say an insult to the reader. An insult.

Harriet J. Salomon
Seattle, Wash.

You Only Live Once

Even the wisest point of age right, Gail Shesky's observation ("Introducing the Postponing Generation," October) that the happiest people are the 25 percent who are on their own, parallels my own experience, with its ups and downs, at a limit or its independence.

Nevertheless, there seems to be a shift away from the means of "but for life" to security. But the greatest threat from the forces of life is death. That is the final security. Security-minded people are apt to find empty, as writer Gail Shesky indirectly suggests in her survey.

My view of life is that it is a great adventure, that I live only once, and I will be a million years dead.

Fred Eddins
Scottsdale, Ariz.

Letters to the editor should be mailed with your address and phone number to: *The Sound and the Fury*, *Esquire*, 2 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10016. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

The Professional Baker

Can a mix of intelligence and skill win the presidential prize?

On paper, Howard Baker has a real shot at it, the man could be the next President of the United States. Logically, there are five possibilities: Jimmy Carter, Ted Kennedy, Ronald Reagan, Gerald Ford, and Baker.

The rest of the field belongs to marginal contenders at best, ranging from John Connally and Jerry Brown to Robert Dole and Larry Prosser. That leaves Carter and Kennedy to fight it out in the Democratic party. Reagan to begin far ahead for the Republican nomination but to collapse from age, isolation, and internal extremes. Ford eventually to get involved, stumbling in too late with too little, and Baker to win the Republican nomination. He may not be that well known, but people find him vaguely attractive, guessing how he played television games with *Watergate*. He seems perfectly positioned politically, a worldly, experienced conservative in the right place at the right time.

Recently, I spent some time with the man. I came away sadder but wiser. Not that Baker isn't intelligent, informed, debonair, sensitive, and likable—he is all of those things, and his wisdom is more attractive, more restrained than the intense single-mindedness that has come to be a norm in presidential campaigning. He might make a pretty good President; he would certainly make a formidable general election candidate. But he has yet to overcome one glaring flaw: He thinks and talks, first and finally, like a legislator. And when I began talking about what he is, a stand-out man, even his best friends thought the same thing. Take John Deardorff:



John Deardorff and Douglas Bailey are the closest thing to a secret weapon that the Republican party has. They are political consultants, their real business is TV commercials. Bailey, Deardorff, their corporate cover, did such a good job in 1976 that they almost elected Jerry Ford as vice president. This time they wanted to work for Ford again, but he just couldn't make up his mind; he wanted to be President again but didn't want to go through the process—a foolish criticism—well into the happy period of his ex-presidency. So Bailey, Deardorff decided to accept Baker's offer to pay their way through the 1980 campaign.

I had breakfast with Deardorff the morning after his first late-eight strategy session with the senior senator from Tennessee. Though indirect, the conversation still confirmed my impressions of Deardorff's conviction: "I don't know if I can be done," he said. "We can't make him understand that so one understands him. People out there can't make sense of what he's saying. He has a legislative mind;

he doesn't understand the patterns of winning a presidential nomination. He sees the world as a dish, and his job is to divide up the food on it. He can't take his eyes off the plate; he can't look up and offer any vision. We have to get him to understand that this isn't the same as marshaling between liberal and conservative Republican senators, say, Jesse Helms of North Carolina on the right and Jacob Javits of New York on the left."

When Baker talks about "experience" and "competence," which he clearly loves to do, that's what he's talking about—winning and manipulating legislative chips to the Republican leader of the Senate since 1971. For better or worse, congressional leadership is not a very promising road to the White House. Frank Lautenberg, the Senate's Democratic leader in the 1950s, and Ford, the Republican House leader in the 1960s, each became President, but those were accidents—of Dallas in 1961 and of Watergate.

In fact, to date, Baker's campaign looks very much like Johnson's unsuccessful campaign for the nomination in 1960. He is relying on interestingly shady foundations, the friendships and overlap political pull of his friends, Republican senators, a staff that is comfortable in Washington and sets like tourists almost everywhere else, the same recognition that comes to senators who set a lot of television cameras, and issues that are crucial in Washington—arms limitation, for instance—and macroeconomics or confusing out where the voters live.

"I'm surprised," Baker said after voters he spoke with at a Republican rally in Fayetteville, Arkansas, did not respond to his attack on the proposed strategic arms limitations treaty (SALT II). "It is clearly third or

Richard Reeves is the national editor of *Esquire* magazine.



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In July we proudly celebrated the 20th anniversary of The Four Seasons—80 glorious seasons. [Here's the real 80!]

Our Fourth Annual California Botanical Tasting received unprecedented acclaim, its time from international as well as domestic wine experts. Now on to next year's!

For two glorious weeks in January our *Botanica Festival* was a rare delight for those of you who called quickly enough to get reservations—our apologies to the many we couldn't accommodate.

Our famous Fourteen Dinners—one for each of the seasons—have become not-to-be-missed gastronomic highlights of the year.

For your appreciation throughout the year of the wonderfully inventive dishes Head Chef Seppi Ringold and his staff create, our heartfelt thanks!

The two-of-us were thrilled by the lavish international praise we received in French, Italian and German publications, The New York Times [twice], and the extraordinary Esquire article.

There is so much more.

We are hard at work on a cookbook of special creations of The Four Seasons for Simon & Schuster.

Our Bar Room dinners and the important and unusual parties we continue to create are more popular than ever, and our After-Theatre Dinners are clear proof that New York nights are the exciting hours we always knew they would be again.



The two-of-us wish you a happy, healthy and prosperous New Year.

Tom Margatta *Paul Korn*



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South on the scale of importance (to them), with inflation and energy a clear one and two," he said.

Only a voter from a small place called Washington would be surprised by that. A Republican worker from Fayetteville spoke for a lot of Americans when he said that SALT wasn't his concern, it was something voters were elected to do—"That's for the big people to decide."

Despite his height—about five feet seven inches—Baker is a big person who thinks he understands SALT and Washington. Unfortunately, he doesn't seem to understand the rest of America too well anymore—and that shows in his campaigning.

The casualness of the "campaign" is a fancy word for wretched speeches and fast-eating dinners—was even a joke among the senator's staff. When a couple of Baker's men heard that The Detroit News was doing a three-part series on their boss, including his record and campaign, one of the senator's assistants cracked: "The part on the campaign must be short." Another aide answered: "Yeah, just make a little box for strategy."

In Detroit, Baker made the obligatory speech to the Detroit Economic Club. This was a moderate Republican speaking to a business audience of 1,200 and he managed to get through a half hour with only one interruption for applause—polite clapping when he called for deregulation and decoupling of the oil companies in the automobile capital of the planet.

The speech, close to his standard, was a perfect political document. Baker defined the problem ("If inflation persists at its current rate...") and expressed "deep" concerns. That is what legislators do when they are not busy raising credits for constituents.

In a press conference before the speech, Baker emphasized two issues that Washington was talking about but that no one else seemed to give much of a damn about: his opposition to SALT II, the strategic arms limitation treaty with the Russians, and the fact that 2,900 of those Russians, in many instances, were at that very moment, in Cuba. He also said, in keeping saying that he was proud to be a politician, that what the country needed of now was a President with well-known political skills.

"Politics is an honorable undertaking," he said. "And I'm proud of it." Politics is an unexcused part of the self-governing process of the United States. I think it's time we got off this business of saying that politicians in some way or other are evil to serve or are unworthy of their trust. Politics is the technique by which the people translate their judgments, their politi-

cal desires, into useful public policy." Later, I asked him whether he was sure he knew what he was doing when he bragged about being a politician. Remember, Senator Berke Bayle was elected in the Democratic presidential primary in New Hampshire when he lost that race in 1976. "There was an entirely different atmosphere then," Baker said as we flew back to Washington in his campaign plane. "They were looking for a nonpolitician then. Now they know nonpoliticians can't govern. The question is whether the country is mature enough now to give politicians the respect they need to make things work. I think it is."

One of the reasons we were on our way to the capital was that Baker was going to be routed by the local Congressmen and Senators, a lot of fun and usually in bad taste, all for charity, at The Sheraton Hotel. One of the reasons was Baker's friend Senator Barry Goldwater, who delivered the best and most telling line of the day: "How come the senator's name is on the band or his voice is in anger. He's always ready to listen to the other side. If there's one word to describe him, that word is..." "Chicken!"

In "legislative," Edward Baker, a pretty good guy, has become what he does. He is a product of his environment, and it's a sad and sense-deadening world he has lived and succeeded in—the constant quest for the least objectionable compromise, a negotiated legislative solution acceptable to a majority of a hundred senators who spend too much time doing two things: figuring out which groups are most likely to contribute to the next campaign and reading polls to find the sweet spot where their constituents want to be kissed.

It's a process, or a system, that is getting progressively worse—in polls and communications get better and legislation get worse or, at best, more elusive. The new breed, the penny-bright, young ones who cheer such campaign slogans as "Take Eastern" or "Chuck Cars," seems even worse than an old pol like Baker, who learned a lot at the knee of an old pol—his father-in-law, Everett Dirksen, the Republican leader of the Senate when Baker made it there in 1967. Part of the reason I jump to that conclusion is a reading of the questionnaires that new members of the House, Republicans and Democrats—filed out at the beginning of the 1979 session at the Institute of Politics at Harvard's Kennedy School of Government.

The new boys and girls were asked twenty-two pages of questions about how they perceive themselves and their new roles as federal legislators.

Some questions and answers:

Q: A recent article in The New York Times described Members of Congress as errand boys for their districts. Would you agree or disagree?

A: Agree—eleven, disagree—four, no—two.

Q: Did you learn anything during the campaign that helped you to define how you will do your job as a Member of Congress? If so, what?

A: Importance of keeping in touch with district—nine, importance of constituent service—five, importance of position on issues—one, importance of experience—one.

Ironically, when the new members were asked if they thought voters in their districts believed they would "make a difference," twenty-three of those twenty-eight answered yes.

These congressmen are cool and calculating. If they do make a difference, it will be small, and it will likely be for themselves, in his own way, Baker, the veteran politician, seems to be one of them, a man ahead of his time, even if he comes from a long line of Republican officeholders, including his grandfather, a country doctor, and his father and stepfather, both members of Congress. He is ambitious, but many doubt his ambition is burning enough to take him from the comfortable life of the Senate to the pressures of the White House.

"I don't want fire in the belly, if that's what they are talking about," he said. "We always found that a logical, rational approach works best for me in most things. I have no difficulty dealing with what I see. One of the earliest things I came to grips with in politics was that I must have a superior judgment and know more than my critics about what I am and what I'm doing."

But the presidency seems to have become the office of burning beliefs. Not because the office demands that kind of monomania, but because winning it requires raising a vast amount of money, raising expectations, and negotiation. I'm not sure that the presidential process—much different from the congressional one—is not becoming assured for men possessed. Certainly there was more than one of our last two elected Presidents, Nixon and Carter—or at least in my own interpretation of Carter, the irrationally conscious lobbyist and mouthpiece.

Baker doesn't seem crazed, which may be disadvantageous these days. His campaign began between a rock and a hard place; his personal net seems to be a question of whether he is capable of proving bigger than a legislator and staying cooler than the present, divorcee-like of John Connally. I wish him luck. ☐

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Personal Finance

by William Flanagan

Gimme Shelter

Think you'll ever earn more than \$50,000? Sure! So pay attention

Anyone may be able to arrange his affairs so that he shall be as low as possible, he is not bound to choose the path which will best pay the Treasury.
—Judge Learned Hand

Avoiding taxes (not avoiding them) is rapidly displacing bachelors as the national pastime. (Quick: What's Willie Stargell's batting average? What is the maximum rate of tax on personal income?)

Of all the latest people in upper-income tax brackets have found, none has more cachet than the tax shelter. The term itself is as generous as it is inaccurate. What the hell is a tax shelter, anyway?

Herein, everything you ever wanted to know about tax shelters but were too embarrassed to ask. Your broker probably wouldn't have the answer, anyway.

□ **What are they?** Basically, risky investments. You should not put into shelters any cash that you are not willing to say goodbye to. Forget about the tax considerations, concentrate on the investment potential. In fact, Merrill Lynch refuses to take its deals "shelters"; it calls them, rightly, tax investments. Please. Whether return to them as "tax income investments."

The money that you put up will most likely go into a real estate venture or an oil- or gas-drilling exploration. You shouldn't have to be told those are risky areas. If they were not, the principals would not have to come to you for capital.

□ **How do they work?** Most tax shelters are limited partnerships. You and your connection are the limited partners, the guy who drills the well or operates the oil field is the general partner.

William Flanagan writes a regular column on financial matters.



own the apartment complex or own the leased railroad car, or whatever, is the general partner. You put up most of the money and receive most of the profits, if any. But there is a catch. You may have to risk more than you actually invest, by assuming personal liability for some or all of the partnership borrowing, in order to obtain full benefit from the deductions available from the tax-sheltered investment. In other words, you can lose more than everything. That's why Uncle Sam allows you those hefty tax deductions.

Many limited partnerships are public—that is, they are registered with the Securities and Exchange Commission, and you are given a prospectus describing the deal in detail. And a typical deal involves a minimum investment of \$5,000. There are also private deals—for, say, buying or leasing an offshore oil-drilling rig—where the investors likely to be involved in no public figures. Also, most shelters are set up

for a long period. Ten years is common. So your investment is not very liquid. It is very hard to sell in a hurry, if you can find a buyer at all.

□ **Why would you want to invest in them?** Basically, there are four major reasons, according to Lawrence J. Wronson, director of tax shelters for E.F. Hutton. The first is tax deferral. The point here is to postpone paying taxes. You get hefty deductions for, say, five years, then have to bite the bullet for another five. The best candidate for tax deferral, says Wronson, would be someone anticipating retirement in the near future who has a high annual income that he anticipates will drop markedly, thus reducing his tax bracket.

The second reason is simply to build equity. In that case, you would want to invest in an "equity shelter" to build money. For the most part, your tax deduction is not subject to recapture, and it amounts to about 100 percent of your invested capital, over the first one to four years of investment. In other words, at worst you are losing money that you would have had to give to the government anyway. But if the oil well hits or the real estate deal pans out, you could wind up with income on that investment, income that is basically taxed. Okay, here are some specifics.

Let's say you're in an oil deal. For the first three or four years, the partnership drills and discovers new fields, or, in the meantime, you are getting tax deductions of about 90 percent of what you put up. You get lucky, and by the fourth or fifth year cash starts coming your way—which is 10 to 20 percent tax sheltered, thanks to that dear old depletion allowance. (See box for example.)

Illustration by Joyce Macdonald

JANUARY 1987/ENR 11

The Standard of Giving.



Seagram's V.O.
The symbol of imported luxury. Bottled in Canada.
Enjoy our quality in moderation.

Canadian whisky. A blend, 4 years old, 86.8 Proof. Seagram Distillers Co., N.Y.C. Gift-wrapped at no extra charge.



ESQUIRE

DUBIOUS ACHIEVEMENT • AWARDS FOR 1979 •

As always, there's some good news and some bad news. Trouble is, as the decade dimes and we dim with it, we can't tell which news is which. Or who's where, or what's when, or why he was laughing in the first place. But the year is over—so news here—and along with it the nine previous, each one worse than the next. They're over. Thank God.

ESOPHAGUS NOW

After Dick Window appeared at Good Samaritan Hospital in Los Angeles complaining of pain in his throat, doctors found a Mickey Mouse watch lodged in his esophagus. Window said the watch must have been in a glass of vitamin pills he had swallowed several days earlier.

INTO THE OXYGEN TENT, MR. MALLER

A judge in Santa Ana, California, ruled that Herbert Hiltz, in a coma for the past eight months, no longer had to make alimony payments to his ex-wife.

AND THEY SWORE THEY WOULDN'T BEAR

A Tokyo company invented an "electronic kind cooler," which, according to Family Safety magazine, is a device that straps around a driver's forehead and plugs into the cigarette lighter socket.



5. DRINKS AMARETTO AND CREAM

2. SPITS AMARETTO AND CREAM

3. TURNS PYRAMIDS GROW ON WENCH

Hudson Jordan convicted several hundred "self evaluation forms" calling on senior government officials to evaluate one another's job performance, loyalty, and integrity. One question asked respondents to list three things about a colleague that disappointed them.



WHY IS THIS MAN LIMPING?

Because he joked about "Montezuma's revenge" while visiting Mexico?
Because he was attacked by a killer rabbit while fishing?
Because he changed the part in his hair from the right side to the left?
Because he wore floppy yellow galoshes at Middlebury, Pennsylvania?
Because he brought along his wife, who she wore them?
Because he ran twenty-two miles around a newborn duck?
Because he had brown hair?
Because he stayed off beat and sang out of tune with a gospel group on the White House lawn?
Because he said naughty things about *Reinhardt*?
Send completed forms to Patrick Cadden, c/o The White House, Washington, D.C. *Naughty, not substance, counts.*

4. SPENDS TOO MUCH TIME IN BECKLEY HILLS BATHROOMS

The new paperback edition of the Scribner/Bantam English Dictionary will include word "debated" defined as a "pauze, tuck, or second period, or drop."



6. SHUFFLES A LOT

The *Albion Express* offered Dr. Christian Barnard \$250,000 to perform a human head transplant.

7. EATS A DISHWASHER-SAFE PIZZA

Kraft Inc., the food company, recalled 36,492 packages of macaroni, fearing they might contain shrunken dinosaurs.

AND WHILE YOU'RE WAITING, WOULD YOU MIND TURNING DOWN THAT RADIO?

During a week of book signings in New York, Diego de Paula, the city's largest Puerto Rican book, posted a sign at teller windows that read, ATTENTION: WOULD YOU BE SO KIND TO TURN DOWN THAT NOISY SPEAKING BANG. IF YOU INTEND TO READ US, PLEASE BE PATIENT, FOR WE MIGHT NEED AN INTERPRETER.

DO NOT GO BLITTO INTO THAT GOOD NIGHT

Dr. Robert Kastenbaum, former head of Wayne State University's Center of Aging, Death, and Life, suggested that elderly people stop drinking wine because the "pleasant feeling they derive from the use of wine may frighten them a little bit."

HOW IF YOU LOVE GOLF

Dr. **SHIRLEY THOMAS**, a Washington, D.C. physician, was charged by federal authorities with using his partner to fill a Canada goose at a cheap country club. According to one witness, the goose had looked, leaving Thomas to run his part on the seventh green.



CONNECTICUT PATRULMAN MURDER

A thirteen-year veteran of the Bridgeport, Connecticut, police department, Charles Collins, returned to the force after undergoing a sex-change operation. The police, newly named Harry Collins, was temporarily assigned to a clerical position.

OUR QUESTION: HOW DO YOU PRODUCE AMPLISH SAGARIT?

Once magazine filed a contract to find the ultimate answerable question. The winner, submitted by Derrick Raphael of University Heights, Ohio: "Why can't you take yourself?"

ONLY TERRIBLE IS, IF ATTRACTS GEORGE JESSIE

Scientists at the New York Botanical Garden have discovered that a clump of human hair hanging from a tree acts as a deer repellent.



COMING THIS SPRING FROM NBC: **ERIK'S NYOTRINGS**



ONCE IN A VERY GREAT WHILE, A WOMAN COMES ALONG WHO SHAKES THE CONSCIENCE OF A NATION: BARBARET TUDMAN, SUSAN S. ANTHONY, ELEANOR ROOSEVELT, AND HOW...

Debbie Shock tried to destroy the men she wore as Miss North Carolina 1978. Shock was stopped by her life after she complained that the ladies received all the prizes that her



WITH A FACE LIKE THAT WHO NEEDS A PLATFORM?

Barbara Blanton, age seventy-two, announced that he was a Republican presidential hopeful for the eighth time. Blanton stated that he needed additional arms assistance.

FUGARATIVELY, THAT MUST HAVE BEEN A LOT

Professor Marco Miano of New York admitted to being off his wife's nose because the was "intensely crushing" his nose.



BUT ONLY IF YOU KISS IT ON THE LIPS

The New England Journal of Medicine reported that it may indeed be possible to contract gonorrhea from a toilet seat.

SCALDY LITTLE THINGS THAT BRING WARNING OF THE COMING SPRING

Dr. Michael Borden, from chief medical examiner for New York City, said in May that April's rising temperatures had caused a dozen bodies to float to the surface in the rivers around Manhattan.



BLOAT LIKE A BUFFALO, SING LIKE NATHAN SMITH

Following a successful exhibition fight in Ghent, Belgium, Mohammed Ali apologized to fans for the shape he was in.

BUT IT STILL REMINDERS CRAMPING/DOCH

Pennsylvania Elementary memory association reported the successful breeding of an unusual fruit fly, which: Regrets about four times as fast as a normal fruit fly.

GOOD!

Poor Swedish scientists at the University of Lund discovered that earthquakes had pins.

EVEN BETTER!

Scientists in Japan reported their belief that earthquakes droppings are the most powerful chemical in the world.

THE LONG ARM OF THE LAW

A woman in Vietnam, Italy, arrested a nude motorist to pay a forty-three-year-old prostitute \$4,000 for injuries suffered in a car accident that the court said reduced her "professional capacity" by 15 percent.



RELAX, FELLAS, IT ISN'T AS NICE AS YOU THINK

A photograph (on this one) of Margaret Trudeau with a poster appeared in the September 1979 issue of *Alpha Sigma* magazine.

STONE 'EM BACK TO THE BURNING ROOM

Fifteen U.S. Air Force officers and enlisted men assigned to operate a nuclear missile site in Alaska were suspended after two marijuana cases were discovered on the floor of the underground control room.

LOWEST BATTING AVERAGE OF THE YEAR

Marco Miano, Seattle Miano, 198

YOU CALL THAT EVIDENCE?

An unidentified teenage girl in Memphis, Tennessee, used to have her marriage annulled, claiming that her husband was really a woman. The bride charged that the husband refused to undress in front of her, saying he that he was deformed as a result of a football injury, and that she had overheard his parents telling him by a girl's name.

INDUSTRIALS: DOWN UTILITIES: DOWN

SALES: DOWN SPOOKS ON SCARS: UP

Two people, including six mobsters, were arrested by federal agents for selling cocaine on the floor of the Chicago airport exchange.

Skylab Misses Son of Sam!

A contemplative retrospective on the year—via the front pages of the *New York Post* (Rupert Murdoch, publisher, author in chief, and *Killer Son Numero Uno*).



July 5



July 10



July 15



August 3



August 15



August 23



August 29



September 12



September 15



September 17



September 20



September 21

MOTHER OF MURDER, IS THIS THE END OF MURDER BROOKS?

Dr. Ernest Brooks of the University of British Columbia has attempted to develop the genetic basis. Brooks said that he would consider it a significant dietary breakthrough, if he could provide the world with a nutrition book that would not even use a caterpillar as an endorsement.



SEMPER LEI THE GIRL WE TOOK TO THE PRIN

Devish heisman Janet Robinson wrote that Robinson had had a bad day, so she had a "sincerely sorry" letter. Writing in the *Royal Society of Medicine's journal*, Robinson said in the conclusion that the five-foot six-inch frame of the emperor featured the narrow shoulders and broad face of a midget-sized woman.

WHICH IS PRECISELY WHAT JOSEPHINE SAID TO NAPOLEON

High school senior Ellen Mackey of Ipswich, Massachusetts, was initially refused membership in the National Honor Society after the said in g.p.s. class: "That b!t sucks."

THE ICEMAN COMETH AROUND

A New York City bartender at first refused to give police officers the two bags of ice they needed to preserve a man's test, which had just been turned by a subway car. The bartender said he was running short.



ISAGORE'S FIRST ANNUAL MELLOW NEWS ROUNDUP

Kidnappers in Tuscon, U.S.A., were called in to investigate the theft of 20,000 pounds of mellow from a collecting firm.

From Knight of Hope, Arkansas, about was the \$10,000 prize offered to anyone who could grow a 200-pound watermelon. The contest, sponsored by a local home organization, had a deadline of midnight on Friday.

Ernesto's One, a Tokyo newspaper designer, has only used a cubic centimeter (about half a cubic inch) of paper by seven inches, and two of Tokyo's leading forget-me-not stores are selling the flower at \$119.15 apiece.

One said, "My main object is to market them as art!"

FLIBUSTON, DON'T FAILS ME NOW!

Representative Milton Street (D-Philadelphia) picked a seat on the grounds of the Pennsylvania capitol, where he said he would set up legislative office. Street claimed that his office space in the capitol was a fine trip.



COMING THIS SPRING FROM CBS: **THE LOVE RANG**



WATCHING ALL THE GIRLS, WATCHING ALL THE GIRLS, WATCHING ALL THE GIRLS GROW UP

Miss America 1980, Cheryl Frewell of Arkansas, Miss Apple, pledged to donate 10 percent of her earnings in the coming year to church education, since God was "the motivation of this whole thing." Describing a prayer meeting that took place soon after a car accident that had left one of her legs shorter than the other, Frewell said, "I sat and watched my leg grow out independently two inches."

WHY JOHNNY CAN'T GET IT UP

Michigan science teacher Edward Macfarlane was suspended for allegedly showing his seventh-grade class photos of his wife during class.

DON'T BOTHER US NOW, WE'VE GOT TO CHRISTIE'S TO DO ON A QUEEN ANNE STYL

Water officials in London, attempting to forecast future water demands, discovered a connection between a person's social class and the number of times he flushes the toilet. But the water authority refused to reveal publicly which group flushed the most and which group flushed the least.



EXCLUSIVE PREVIEW OF BULLETPROOF LIMOUSINE BUILT FOR POPE JOHN PAUL II, A GIFT FROM RESIDENTS OF HIS HOMETOWN

GOVE ON TAKE A COUPLE OF MINES

Dr. George Miller of Northern Illinois University used a mathematical formula based on past pageant results to predict that Cheryl Frewell would become Miss America 1980. The study concluded that this year's winner would most likely be between nineteen and twenty-three, would be at least a college junior but not a graduate student, would have a plain name, would live in a small town but not in Delaware, Maryland, Nebraska, Nevada, New Mexico, North Dakota, or Vermont, would rank highly in the eventing competition, would weigh between 105 and 115 pounds, and would stand between five feet four inches and five feet five inches tall.



PRELUDE TO DOLLY PARTON, THE GEOLOGY OF A COUNTRY SONGSTRESS

The University of Tennessee at Knoxville offered a four-credit-hour student course entitled "The Cultural Phenomenon of Elvis Presley: The Making of a Folk Hero."

NEXT MONTH'S CELEBRITY BOMB: BLIND RECKONERS

Oregon doc jockey Bob Anderson held a contest that offered as its prize the tangle of his hair. He, neither local DJ, Anderson was asked to write a letter on why they wanted them. A poem by Jessica Aquino took first place, and Aquino received Hawaii as a prize. In a contest for blind with formaldehyde.



NOW, THAT'S SA FEMME!

During a national service for Aldo Moro, named Christian Democrat Aglio grabbed and twisted the arm of party member Antonio Pascale because he "wasn't tough enough on communism."



SPEED IT UP, LUCY GOES ON TEN MINUTES

Overlooked student Mark Ostroski played the "saxophone" on a Soundmax post while his name Karma accompanied him on the "hydropneum."

WOOF THAT IT WERE TRUE

The editors of Chemical and Engineering News reported an error that a woodpecker's beak so it struck a tree but an impact velocity of 1,100 miles per hour. At that velocity, the woodpecker's head would break the sound barrier twice as it bounced against the tree.



LUCY IN THE SKY WITH GODDIE BLUMPS

The Long Island Volunteers for Assisted Walking issued a warning to stop Lucy the mole from climbing a forty-four-foot wooden ramp and jumping thirty feet down into a tub of water. Although Lucy built herself off the platform without prodding, the animal welfare group insists that the spike-rimmed heavy arms Tim Rivers, director of High Dring Aspen Motors, tested the drive to "no way in the world you'd get a mole to go up there if the drive's not."

WORST NEW MOVIE

Released by Warner

RAINFIST DAY OF THE YEAR

July 26, Houston, Texas, twenty-five inches

WHO SAID NOTHING HAPPENED IN THE SEVENTIES?

An exclusive review of the decade's lowly moments



WHY IS THIS MAN LOUINGING?

1976 A few days after the Kent State shootings, President Nixon paid a 4:00 A.M. visit to inspect personnel at the Lincoln Memorial and talked about football.



WHY IS THIS MAN?

1974 In Paris for Georges Pompidou's funeral, President Nixon declared, "This is a great day for France."



WHY IS?

1974 Four days after the Washington translations were announced, President Nixon gave a speech in Spokane, Washington, where he referred to Governor Daniel Evans as "Governor Endless."



1974 After he left office, President Nixon was voted the seven-hundred-and-seventy-ninth most admired American by a poll of American people.

1976 Moments before beginning an interview with David Frost, President Nixon turned to Frost and asked, "What do you do any fascinating this weekend?"

BORN AGAIN IN THE 7th

Bob Dylan, Charles Colson, Larry Flynt, Blakeley Clavin, Drew Acker, Tommy John



THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES

NEW YORK TO SMILEY MACLAINE: SIT ON IT AND ROBBIE!

1976 Onstage at the Palace Theater, Smiley MacLaune called New York "the Karmapa Queen of American Great."



WHY IS THIS MAN?

1974 In Paris for Georges Pompidou's funeral, President Nixon declared, "This is a great day for France."



THE RUNNER BUMBLES

1976 Dennis Rasmussen was due in the lead at the two-mile mark of a Michigan state race. He finished the race, saying afterward, "I was sure I could knock thirty-one seconds off my time, but then the silly thing had to happen."

WHAT KIND OF MAN FEELS ELATED?

1973 The secret of Charleston, New York, named Harry Snyder, a blind man, to lead his neighbor "voluntary commitment" to serve as a guide, with, granted, neither, and, maybe.



WORST MOVIE OF THE DECADE

Auditor Test

MAY THE BOB BE SAFE FROM:

Tommy Spangler, John Denver, Louis Raddy, Anna Bryant, Mark Lane, Sylvester Stallone, Gary Mokyrsky, Chuck Barris, Werner Bräuer, Fred Silverman, Susan Agnew, Joe Garagiola, Marshall Morgan, Steven Wiest, Bertie Kalle, Jerry Brown, Jay Taylor, Sam Young, Moon, Gene Rellish, Billy Martin, Robby Benson, John Travolta, Clary Chubb, Robert Rapp, William S. Morris, Elizabeth Ray



IS THAT A KNEESUCKER IN YOUR POCKET? OR ARE YOU ART GLAD TO SEE ME?

1973 Philadelphia police commissioner Frank Rizzo was elected mayor on a strong antiunion platform. "I'm gonna be so tough on a mayor," Rizzo promised. "I'm gonna make Aida the Blue look like a sugar."



WHO'S ON FIRST?

1973 Yankee pitcher Fitts Fittsman (left) and Mike Kach (right) missed some.

WE DON'T BLAME HIM—THE STUFF COSTS MORE THAN LEO

1976 Asking "Why can't he do like a man?" David Wang refused to debate the twenty-one causes of homelessness that might have saved the life of his cousin.



ATTILA THE YOUNGER

1976 California GOP gubernatorial candidate Kevin Young defended his failure to prosecute a single organized crime case while serving as state attorney general by saying, "I never said I was tough on crime."



WORST FLAVOR OF THE DECADE

Don Vincent vulgusness



PRIMATE OF THE DECADE



BUT THE THIRD WALKS THE STREETS, A FREE LAWYER



MY FELLOW AMERICANS, I SPEAK TO YOU TONIGHT WITH A TURNING POINT



AN HONEST MISTAKE



AT LAST, AN ORIGINAL IDEA



AT LEAST SOMEONE IN THE FAMILY HAS SEASE



LOWEST BATTING AVERAGE OF THE DECADE



DO I HAVE TIME FOR THIS STORY?



AGONY ONE



YAKI THAI, JOHN HAYWARD MYYES!



NARDEST ACT TO SWALLOW



SHE HOPES NOTHING HAPPENS TO HIM—REALLY SHE DOES



NE WHO LIETH DOWN WITH DOGS...



AYTOLLAR ONCE, AYTOLLAR THOUSAND TIMES...



HOW COULD THEY TELL?



ONE MAN, ONE VOLT



BANG THE HEAD SLOWLY



NE WHO LIETH DOWN WITH DOGS...



AYTOLLAR ONCE, AYTOLLAR THOUSAND TIMES...



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AYTOLLAR ONCE, AYTOLLAR THOUSAND TIMES...



AYTOLLAR ONCE, AYTOLLAR THOUSAND TIMES...

There is music in all of us.



There is music made you. It may be the melody of a childhood lullaby or a just note. It may be an aria from *Madama Butterfly* or a passage from a Chopin prelude. It may be the remembered sounds of a September twilight. But it's your music. The sounds you hear in your head when you're alone with your thoughts and memories. When you're riding a bike, or walking barefoot on a whispering sea.

There is music in all of us. But while everybody is a music expert, not everybody is a stereo expert. At Sony, we feel that the music you hear in your home should sound as

special as the music you hear in your head. So we've taken those five stereo components, matched them perfectly to each other's capabilities, and built them into a new uncomponented system. They're called "Go Together." And now you hear your music on two systems you'll understand just how well they go together.

All you have to do next is turn up. Plug them in. And listen. You'll get exactly the kind of sound you had in mind.

SONY.
THE WAY IT'S DONE



MR. NEW YORK TIMES

BY HARRISON E. SALESBURY

He's A.M. Rosenthal, of course. The most powerful editor in the U.S., of course. Deeply unhappy, suspicious, and concerned, of course.

In the spring of 1979, Abraham Michael Rosenthal celebrated his fifty-seventh birthday. He was executive editor of *The New York Times*, earning a salary of \$150,000 a year, possessed options to buy 30,000 to 50,000 shares of New York Times common stock, some at favorable prices, some not, owned and occupied with his wife, Anna, an eight-voiced contralto soprano on Central Park West, had three capable sons, Jonathan, Daniel, and Andrew, now in their twenties, of whom he was extraordinarily and rightly proud, and seemed to his friends to have achieved all that his remarkable talents and ambition could desire. But, in fact, Abe Rosenthal was, on this occasion and as he sometimes continues to be for extended periods of time, a deeply unhappy man.

By every objective criterion, Rosenthal has made it. He is probably the best-paid newspaper editor in the country and the best-paid editor in the history of the Times. No other editor, not even his great rival Ben Bradlee of *The Washington Post*, can challenge his eminence. Like it or not, and Abe Ro-



Abraham Michael Rosenthal, seventy-one old and living in New York, was born in Sault Ste. Marie, Canada, in 1922.

senthal certainly likes this, the editor of the Times is automatically the most powerful editor in the United States, and, hence, in the world, regardless of running number two on *Washington Post* or *The Washington Post*, regardless of Woodward-Berutina, regardless of what is still to Rosenthal the gnawed

enigma of how *Washington Post* works.

Rosenthal's credentials are solid. He led the Times in its breakthrough publications of the Pentagon Papers in 1971. He encouraged and supported Seymour Morsell in his exposé of the CIA in 1974 and 1975. And two years ago, he completed a radical and remarkably successful transformation of *The New York Times* into a four-section paper with new sections on culture, finance, the culinary arts, home decoration, sports, and science—the envy of almost every newspaper editor and publisher in the country.

But the reality affords no ease to Rosenthal. In fact, ease is a characteristic that is absent from the chromosomes of this rather medium-sized man (he stands five feet nine and one-half inches, sometimes he stretches this to five feet ten inches). Kinetic energy, adroitness, emotional overdrive, creative talent, and ambition, ambition have pushed him to the pinnacle. Not sure.

He has long since left behind the backwaters of his past. No one in his birthplace of Sault Ste. Marie, Canada, has reached such heights, no one in "the Amalgamated," the Bronx working-class housing developments where he grew up, no one in his class at DeWitt Clinton High or among his classmates at City College.

Some distance. Some achievement.



A. M. Rosenthal, fifty-seven, in his private office at the Times. The Japanese screen in the background is authentic.

Photograph by Evelyn Fisher

Harrison E. Salesbury was the *Faktor Post* in 1955. This article is adapted from *Watson Post* or *Times*, but study of *The New York Times*, which will be published by Times Books this spring.

Yet, on his fifty-seventh birthday, in 1978, his head was filled with darkness. As he stood his 151 pounds on the reading stand outside his office and gazed into the Times city room that was both his joy and his despair—his city room as he had thought of it since 1965, when he gave up being a foreign correspondent and returned to New York to become metropolitan editor—henry-pounding blood flushed his temples, and, passing his hand over his face in a characteristic gesture, he exclaimed "Why do people hate me so?"

This was no put-on, no role playing. This was a cry to come from as contradictory a personality as contemporary journalism possesses. When Rosenblatt agonized over why people hate him, he is not ascribing racism; he is asking a legitimate question. People do hate him. He knows it, and he knows that some of those who hate him are at any given moment probably within his field of vision. He even, in a rare case, understands their feelings, but he can not accept this hatred, for in a paradox that many of his friends, most of his associates, and surely all of his enemies do not perceive, Rosenblatt's psyche is founded on love. What neither his nor those around him, hostile or friendly, really grasp is the enthusiasm with which love, that capacious and satiating emotion, can engulf—in

particular moments, Murochok epitomized it. It is the world that seemed to Rosenblatt hostile and threatening. Later, of course, the Murochok symbol would be replaced by another, just as there had been others before Murochok.

But now it was Murochok and tensions of Murochok—the Austrian-born tycoon who owned the *New York Post*, *New York magazine*, and *The Village Voice*—that moved Rosenblatt's mind and agitated across the corridors of his house like a Cossack brigade quartered in a village of the Jewish Pit of Sentiment from which Rosenblatt's family had emerged not long before World War I.

It appeared to Rosenblatt that Murochok was out to destroy him, to destroy *The New York Times*, his personal career, his private family life, his reputation. Everything. There was no limit, he felt, to the havoc that Murochok might wreak.

All this because Murochok had been running candidates in the group columns of the *New York Post*, insinuating that the management of the *Times* was not entirely satisfied with Rosenblatt; there were rumors of his leaving the paper, since intimacies about Rosenblatt's private affairs. What had been pointed was no better or worse than the usual terms that in the press that prominent and controversial individuals pay for their prominence and controversy. But it didn't seem so to Rosenblatt.

It hadn't seemed that way in the early days of *New York magazine*, when Clay Fisher, with a wary respect for under-intensity, printed articles after articles about *The New York Times*, often taking personal notes at Rosenblatt's ear when *The Village Voice* typed in him and "exposed" the "love-bait" a glib session of *Times* reporters says in Rosenblatt's regime, nor when *Business* or *Washington* newspapers published disparaging profiles.

A days to Abie was apocalyptic. Apocalyptic now. And when Murochok pointed out that, after all, what could he expect since he had been quoted in *Exposure* to the effect that he hoped and expected Murochok to be out of New York within a couple of years and that Murochok had been poisoning "Israel, agit, violent journalism," Rosenblatt murmured it was something more than that. It was, he thought, a plot or part of a plot to destroy him, and there was no telling where it would lead.

Then Rosenblatt's mind would return to the Times because, after all, the *Times* was his life. The world lain on his reading stand, his elbows propped on an antechamber of the *Washington Post*, and he would sit

"Why do people think I am so mean?" There was no easy answer to this question, and not even Rosenblatt thought there was. "I'm too smart not to know that at least part of this must come out of myself," he told a friend.

The trouble started when he came back from Tokyo in 1963 at the time



By 1945, Rosenblatt had joined the city staff of the *Rivers* as a reporter. He had received a B.S. from City College, children of their managing editor Turner Catledge, not really wanting to come, feeling that somehow the role of city editor was descending to a foreign correspondent.

His protectors on the *Tower* shared a common characteristic: They were men and were currently composed in moments of great tension, that did not bleed. ("If the ball didn't bleed, they wouldn't correct him," Rosenblatt once said. "I know I bleed easily.") If those editors suffered quakes over their role, they had their way to some secret place.

Not to A. M. Rosenblatt. He fought and bled and choked and cried and agonized in public. He turned the city room, which had drowned for decades, into a scene of melodrama, man against crisis. The scales of New York that the *Times* had reflected for generations changed under Rosenblatt's editorship. The paper's editors and concerned journalists—senior budgetary discussions, sometimes of Robert Meyer's grandiose plans, ostensible analyses of school curricula—vanished into a dozen pages or from the paper entirely. A new world opened up—of live-in male-female relationships, of homosexual society, of "coupling" police officers (stealing off their bodies in parked squad cars), of drugs and bizarre sex murders, of theatrical poison and medical scandals ("Doctor

Fedgson," "Doctor X"), of thirty-eight widows who did not budge while murder was done—a new world in which it seemed there was no subject the *Times* would not touch, theme, date, or, some said, capital.

A man who communicated his moods with the sensitivity of a Tolstoyan, Rosenblatt was something else, preening the floor of the city room, pacing, pacing—the wonderfully tall Arthur Gels, known to Rosenblatt's Pythons, looking at the water to whisper in Abe's ear urgent something, Abe "A" Arlie, a feist personality, dressed with time fringing out and distance (to be covered before the next deadline, the next birthday, the next meeting of the Publisher judges or of the Times board of directors).

What thing dominated Rosenblatt's mind in the 1940s as he drove himself to the top at the *Times*? After years of coping as a correspondent with a peopled India subcontinent, an ideologically opposed Poland, and an enigmatic Japan, he could not seem to identify the sources of the turbulence in America—the attitudes of the young, of liberated women, of blacks, of minority movements. It all seemed chaos to him: confusion, pessimism, self-indulgence. Petty.

Abe Rosenblatt himself had been a child of radicalism, although few signs of this were still visible in the 1940s. He was the very image of a good Jewish boy on the make, his hair close-cropped, the same thick-lined, horn-rimmed glasses he had worn since he was one shuffling his gray-green open eye was just beginning to move from off-the-rack Harry Robinson suits to Brooks Brothers tailoring (City *Times* learned Rosenblatt for years on his clothes, saying, "You must dress properly. You are the editor of *The New York Times*; you must dress like the editor of *The New York Times*"). This was advice that Rosenblatt never really was able to absorb. His suits became better cut than "I never had a made suit in my life," his glasses became a bit larger and the nose more narrow by the mid-Sixties, he let his hair flourish with hardly a trace of gray, into an attractive square-cut, blow-dried style. But his shirttails continued to work out of his belt, and his tie was askew more often than not.

Still and all, the Rosenblatt was light-years away from the Abe Rosenblatt who was born in South Marine in 1922. Or even the Abe Rosenblatt who became a naturalized U.S. citizen in 1951.

Abe's father had been a farmer near Bobinsk, in Byelorussia, his name was Harry Shapinsky, his son never changed to Rosenblatt, his son never

understood. As a little boy, Abe remembered people coming to visit from Bobinsk, and they would say, "Ola, ola! Shapinsky's grandson." Abe's father made his way from Bobinsk to Canada, where he joined a communal farm group, a true commune founded on the principles of utopian socialism, but by the time Abe was born he had become a far truder and trapper.

His father's ambition for Abe was that he might become a forester. Harry Shapinsky was a powerful man, big-muscled, gruff, strong, a temperamental czar in his own world as a storyteller, adventurer, lover. He had been the only red hatter in the commune, the only one who knew how to plow. The others, strong in socialist doctrine but weak on practice, had drifted away.

Harry Shapinsky was not a religious Jew. He was a progressive, an adroit thinker. True, he had his own misconceptions, but when the infant surrounded and began to turn blue, he handed the child to a friend, grabbed the mother (the religious opinion) by the neck, and did not relax his grip until the baby quaked. If anything had



With wife-to-be, Ann, in France, 1948. He wanted to be stationed abroad, but his chief would not make him a correspondent, saying, "Use New in Paris is enough."

"I supposed to Abe, the father would have swapped the mother with his own hands. Abe was not taken to the synagogue, did not go to Hebrew school, and had no bar mitzvah. He called himself an atheist, as did his father. In 1949, Abe married a Catholic woman, Ann Marie Burke, and their three sons were raised outside organized faith. But, as Abe was to say, his always considered himself Jewish because he was perceived in Jewish.

Of course, it was infinitely more complex than this.

"I was a little Irish Catholic girl, and he was a good Jewish boy," Ann remembered. "I know he says that he is an atheist, but he really isn't! When we decided to get married, I went to my priest at St. Catherine of Siena, on Madison Street. I told him about Abe, how he was an atheist and all. The priest was a marvelous young man, about thirty—I with I could remember his name. Anyway, he said that Abe didn't seem like an atheist to him, he sounded like a deeply religious man. He wanted to see Abe and talk to him."

The priest did, in fact, meet with Abe and Ann. There were long talks to be filled out, questions about the parents, and, of course, the question of bringing up the children in the Catholic faith. When the priest came to that one, he read very fast and said, "Of course you will raise the children as Catholics, won't you?" and before Abe or Ann could speak, he had written down yes and was on to the next question.

So Abe and Ann were secretly married at St. Catherine of Siena with only Ann's mother and father and sister



With Arthur Gels (center) and Bernard Kish (right) at the *Times*, which Rosenblatt covered from 1946 to 1954.

Abe's parents, Harry and Sarah Rosenblatt, in 1918. Rosenblatt senior, born in Byelorussia, was a fur trader.

the flicker of an eye, a hidden tonality of speech, a mere physical gesture—from mimic, almost maniacal affection into Obeliskian paranoia, suspicion, fear, hate.

It was early enough to put a name to what was gnawing at Rosenblatt's nerves in the spring of 1979. The name was that of Rupert Murdoch. At this

present because, as Ann said, Abe's mother would have felt betrayed. Three days later, March 12, 1940, there was a civil ceremony at The Warwick hotel.

Abe's father liked to gamble now and then. After remembering going to the Coney Island boardwalk with his father, who played the shell game and lost \$50—a tremendous sum, possibly two weeks' wages. Harry looked like Abe square in the eyes and said, "Look, sonny, one thing: You must never tell your mother." Abe didn't.

As Abe grew older, he took a special pride in his childhood connection with the frontier. It was a kidsway made his city-street youth, a sister to which he clung and soldier shared

of girls one he loved. Later he was to say "I love women. I like women very much. I got along best with them. I grew up with them, my five sisters and myself." So when, after he became metropolitan editor and managing editor of The New York Times, there was one complaint after another about male chauvinism and when cases flared up about treatment of women on the paper, Abe found them hard to accept. He thought of himself as a survivor and at home in a woman's world, could not understand why the women in the city room reacted so differently from his sisters, and felt hurt and misunderstood. When the Times in 1978 agreed to the settlement of a divorce before complaint brought by women

about Ernest Hemingway and Herbert Matthews. Although Rosenthal was a young socialist (at least in inclination), while Ruth and Walt were Young Communists, Walt was Abe's hero.

"Good, how I admired that man!" Rosenthal said years later.

The Spanish war, as Rosenthal said, was the cause for "all of us, and George went to Spain and fought. The communism of these young people was almost a joke. It just expressed their antifaçism."

Walt got back to the United States in January 1939. A year later, Ruth gave birth to a son, Danny, she died within two weeks. Abe was grateful at his sister's funeral, a Party service at the YCL office in the Daily Worker building, on Twelfth Street.

To Abe, the quarrels, the politics, the passions of the 1930s, were real and principled. They were based on genuine ideological differences—theory, philosophy, Marx, Hegel, Lenin—and they had led naturally into the politics of power, the politics that he had seen and understood abroad, that were epitomized for him by his Tower assignment to Poland in 1958, a mistaken assignment that had gotten him expelled from Warsaw and had won him his Tribune Prize. He had counted himself a staunch anti-Communist since the 1939 Hitler-Stalin pact, but Poland had put the spin on the ball, had confirmed him as a cold warrior. By the 1970s, he liked to describe himself as "anti-Communist, antifascist, antiauthoritarian" or, alternatively, as a "bleeding-heart conservative," strong for civil liberties but sour on the west, sour on what he called "the liberal camp." By that time he was sometimes labeled a neo-conservative, but that was a cliché. Like any talented man, his mind was filled with sharp opinions, and a few of them contradictory. On communism, however, he was dead clear, and his close friend William F. Buckley Jr., editor of the National Review and founder with Rosenthal of an informal eight-year, teaching-student-reviewer society they sometimes called the Abe Rosenthal Club for President Club, sometimes the Boy's Club, and sometimes simply The Club, spoke of him in awe as a "tempest in a teacup."

But Rosenthal still idealized the Spanish Loyalists, "the original political left, fighting fascism."

Reminded by these images and idealisms, Rosenthal found the 1960s a hard rock.

He had dreams when he first came back to New York from Tokyo of being a writing editor, of dividing his time between desk and typewriter, but his own experiment in writing left such deep scars that he never tried it again.



By 1955, Rosenthal was married and stationed in India as a foreign correspondent. He recalls his joy in "being in [a] lovely house, traveling wherever we went, writing for The New York Times," and getting paid for it all, with others in that private world. Abe's father held a special place, a man who seemed to walk out of the pages of Jack London, a man with wide shoulders, a wide view of the world, and, like London, a socialist, but the kind of a socialist who could tell tall tales and gamble away two weeks' salary on the Coney Island boardwalk.

Abe's father died when Abe was two months old of his thirteenth birthday. He had five sisters, all older than himself, and he grew up surrounded by adoring women. Abe was to recall his childhood as sheer happiness. He loved his sisters, and they loved him as only a boy possessed, in a large family

self members and set up a \$235,500 annuity fund for 354 women employees. Rosenthal visited his friends by treating them the socialism represented "a great victory" for the Times.

Abe's sister Ruth, seven years older than he, became a member of the Young Communist League (YCL) in the early 1930s. Like Abe, she was dynamic, very intelligent, a natural leader. She fell in love with one of the YCL members, a man named George Walt, who went off to Spain with the Abraham Lincoln Brigade. Walt fought through the civil war, rising to the post of commander of the brigade, a man of heavy written

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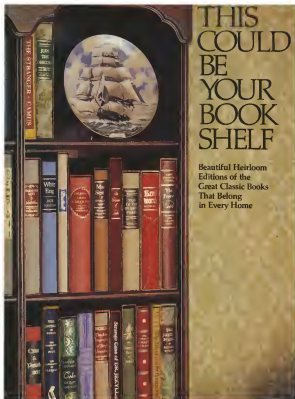
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his life, he saw how the FBI should be treated. A sergeant operated on him for an infection or abscess, and he said he was going to be left alone. One day, a pretty young nurse came into his room and asked: "Are you a Hebrew?" No one had ever asked him that question. "Yes," he said. "And," and the little nurse, "you're the first Hebrew I've ever met." When he got about on his crutches, he found that each door had a



Rosenthal (left) as metropolitan editor of the *New York Times* in 1964; he is shown here with his good friend Arthur Gels, whom he appointed his chief assistant, signifying the point in Catholic, Protestant, or Hebrew.

There was no need for signs at the Times. Abe was a Hebrew, and he had a very Jewish name, Abraham Rosenthal. Actually, his name was Abraham Michael Rosenthal. There had been talk in Abe's family about changing his name to Michael Rosenthal, but he didn't want to. Abe had never had a by-line until he wrote a story about the fatidic New York Times. It was a page-one story, and that meant it had to carry a by-line. There were several Abes on the paper, and their given names were never signed. Abe was certain the Times would not stand for "Abraham Rosenthal" on page one. As he left the city room that evening, he passed the reporters' mailboxes. Quietly he pecked an "M" after "Rosenthal, Abraham" under his box. Next morning his story appeared under the signature "M. Rosenthal," and that was the way it was to be.

Of course, that wasn't the end of the matter. When he was covering the United Nations in 1943 and '44, he found that his name wasn't signed to stories about Palestine. "Don't get sore," an editor once told him. "I wanted a by-line, and they took it off." It was always "they" who did these things. "They" were worried about too much Jewish influence, and when the news came, "they" were worried. Rosenthal named his good friend Arthur Gels as his chief assistant. "They" were worried about too many

Jewish names in the paper. Who "they" were Abe could never quite understand.

"They." Somewhere, somehow, "they" always seem to be opposing Rosenthal or frustrating him. But putting aside the question of "they," there remains that of the younger generation, and that is a question that continues to haunt Rosenthal. It was still with him on that spring day in 1979 as he looked out into his city room, into his world, into the community he called his own, which was his own, which he had shaped with his intellect, his passion, his energy, and, some would say, his concern for being "understood."

Why, he asked a friend, were so many of those young people out there dissatisfied? Why did so many good reporters leave the Times?

David Halberstam, Richard Reeves, Gay Talese? Halberstam: he was the one who seemed to bother Rosenthal most. He went back to Halberstam again and again. Why had Halberstam changed so much? When Abe was city editor, he had considered himself Halberstam's rabbi, advisor, protector.

But now Halberstam criticized Rosenthal, made angry comments in print, put down *The New York Times*



James Reston (left), then executive editor of the *Times*, reviews the coverage of the July 1969 moon landing.

in *The Powers That Be*, rebuked Rosenthal publicly at assemblies of reporters like those sponsored by *Newsweek*, and even invited members of the Salinger family to share social moments about Abe's saltings. Why did he do that? Abe asked. How could he say such things about the Times and Rosenthal? It did not occur to Rosenthal that Halberstam's passion sprang from the same source as his own—a fierce love and dedication to *The New York Times* as an institution, a preoccupation for what each saw as the Holy Grail.

In the spring of 1979, Rosenthal was routinely struggling with a problem that had possessed him for years, the problem of the Washington bureau. He was talking of spending more time in Washington himself, of taking a small apartment there, of trying for once in his life to get a fix of the capital.

Washington—it was a code that Rosenthal had not put broken, and he was determined to do it. He had built a newspaper. Of that he was confident. He had kept a straight G (that he was certain. But he was not satisfied).

In the winter and early spring of 1973, he had been in the hospital and then at home recuperating for six weeks after a complicated operation on his lower left leg. It seemed, had always been vulnerable. He had had a long, painful operation and a painful postoperative period in Lenox Hill Hospital. The Times's publisher, Richard Salinger, chairman of the New York University hospital, not one far away, at the same time, flat on his bed with a painful back. Some friends in the city room wondered if there could be any connection.

When Abe came back to work, he carried a heavy cross and imagined that he looked quite mired with his big black stick. He thought that perhaps people saw him as the image of evil, sneaking through the city streets, his brow furrowed and his stick digging into the asphalt carpeting.

One day a copywriter had stopped him, and they started to talk. He asked the copywriter the question that he possessed him: Why did people react so strongly? Some liked him, some didn't, some said awful things about him.

The copywriter said he thought it was because Rosenthal was an agent of change, he had changed the paper, and he had changed people. The atmosphere of the city room was now entirely different. What he was doing made people angry. And, said the copywriter, you knew where the stick stuck. You saw other beats and loved or loathed or were indifferent.

Rosenthal felt this analysis was not

analytical. He knew there were those who said there was an inhumanity in the city room that it was too big, a place of numbers, slots, cubicles, and clerks, that people were replaced like parts in a machine. He did not believe this. But he knew there were those who thought it. It was true that the paper under his editing had passed through an extraordinary period of change, technological as well as journalistic: the end of Linotype and hot lead, typewriters giving way to word processing, copywriters editing by pushing buttons—no black pencil squiggles. And it wasn't only the Times. There had been an extraordinary turbulence in the society. The country had gone through crazy after crazy.

He was not, he guessed, a passive person. He evolved himself in everything. There was a Yiddish word for a foolhardy, the *losh*. That was Rosenthal—the *losh*! He strung up the pot still, he was amazed at the resentment. He could, in a way, understand the need for an image of personhood here, and he believed that he was such an image. Even before the Columbia bust, a friend of his from Columbia had come to him at the apartment one evening and said, "Abe, we have concluded that you are going to become the target of the *losh*." Left. The media is the most tempting target they have. *The Times* is the most tempting



A. M. Rosenthal, in 1977, with Arthur Ochs "Punch" Sulzberger (standing), publisher of the *Times* since 1963.

At this was no longer as important to Rosenthal because of an entirely new problem, a problem that, he saw it, had grown out of



The team of the *Times*, 1979 (left to right): Silverstein and Grossnickel, assistant managing editors; Gels, deputy managing editor; Rosenthal, executive editor; Topping, managing editor; Wilkens, assistant managing editor.

the Pentagon Papers, Watergate, and the Times's great exposure of the CIA. That new problem was the defense of the press against the courts. It had become, Rosenthal was convinced, the greatest story of the moment, this struggle would determine the future of the press and its ability to carry out its First Amendment responsibilities. He had been badly upset by a row over one of his reporters, Myron Fieber, who had been ordered by the New Jersey courts to produce his notes in the case of a divorce who had been brought to trial. Fieber and the Times had been cited for contempt of court, and Fieber was put in jail. James Goodale, the Times's general counsel, fought the case like a bulldog, with Rosenthal urging him on. But in the end, it was lost, and Rosenthal was badly shaken. He had little or no experience of the courts as a reporter. He was shocked by the way everyone had to defer to the judge, by the rights the courts arrogated to themselves, by the way the lawyers had to know, by the absolute and arbitrary power wielded by the courts. He had visited Fieber in jail, and the experience had moved him deeply. Rosenthal had never been arrested in his life, had never been inside a prison. He had been in the courts, he was coming to believe, was Nixon's revenge. The courts and the law—this was the important thing, he thought, in which he was now engaged. (Some of his friends thought he was too engaged.) He had actually studied the law. He was to take a stronger stand in the case of the Progressive magazine, grounded by the government from publishing its H-bomb article last spring.

Now, Rosenthal was attending more and more meetings, more and more

meetings on the First Amendment. It was the only thing he made speeches about. He liked to tell about a reporter behind the iron curtain who interviewed an official on questions of the day. The reporter took careful notes, he wrote a story, then he took his notes and flushed them down the toilet. He was afraid the police would come to his house, find his notes, and arrest him. It was, he said, a story about himself, about his days in Poland. And, he said, it was getting that way in the United States. Well, not exactly, of course, but it was getting more like it than many people realized.

A s he leaned on the reading stand outside his office, just inside the pillar where he had put up a poster of his brother, Beverly Sills, and looked out on the city room, he thought of those old days, of those who did not understand him, who thought he was silly, who hated him, he thought, too, about the powerful forces against which he was doing combat. About "they." And he knew, too, that it would go on as long as he lived. He knew that of those were to be taken when his face was flushed and his eyes heavy-lidded and the flicking image of "they" haunted his mind, there would also be joyous moments when he would hardly be able to contain himself, when he would shout "I love this paper!" when he would be ready to throw his arms around someone and thank him. He knew to take a stronger stand in the case of the Progressive magazine, grounded by the government from publishing its H-bomb article last spring.

Now, Rosenthal was attending more and more meetings, more and more

SOMEWHERE BETWEEN STABBING SAUSAGES WITH THEIR BAYONETS AND "RAPING" VIRGIN DUCKS, THE CADETS OF VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE BECOME MEN. THEY DON'T CALL THEMSELVES MEN. THEY CALL THEMSELVES RATS OR DYKES OR RANKERS OR SOMETHING EVEN RUDER, BUT WE'LL CALL THEM MEN

BY FRANK ROSE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE BENNETT

THE WEST POINT OF THE SOUTH

FOR 140 YEARS NOW, the Virginia Military Institute has stood high on a bluff by a narrow stream in the lower reaches of the Valley of Virginia. There, shielded by a belt of peaceful shade trees, it guards the northern flank of the quiet town of Lexington. Its parade ground opens to the south, to the town and the broad valley beyond. When the cadets march out on parade, as they do every Friday at 4:15 P.M., they enter a landscape of tranquil green, punctuated only by the yellow stone walls of the institute itself. Even the bluish Appalachian ranges that circumscribe the valley lie hidden beyond the trees—except for one massif, still distant but closer than the rest, where solid presence seems to imply nature's acquiescence in the proceedings. It's known as Horse Mountain. The cadets who pass to review wear dress uniforms of gray and white and carry brown rifles. Some of them wear wine-red tokens and carry swords that sparkle in the sun. They march three abreast through the main artery of their barracks, take steadily right at the statue of General Thomas J. "Stonewall" Jackson, and proceed up a slight incline to the parade ground. There, accompanied by a marching band that seems unusually rich in drummers, they line up in long, thin columns that stretch the length of the field. After a series of baroque reports from the cadets who carry swords, a single cannon is fired. Its speaker drifts heavily across the parade, influencing every nostril with the incendiary whiff of gunpowder. Then the flags are briskly lowered, the national anthem is played, more bars are executed, and the cadets march back inside. The day along that has gathered to watch them disperses.

Frank Rose and George Bennett's book, *Real Men, from which this article is excerpted, will be published by Doubleday/Dolittle this spring. Rose is a Virginia-born journalist and graduate of Washington and Lee. Bennett's two books are *Fighters*, a collaboration with Pete Hamill, and *Mannequins**

and before long the sun sets, over toward Horse Mountain.

In Virginia they call this place the West Point of the South. It is a state-run military college, one of only three in the country, and like many things military, it has been experiencing a resurgence in these post-Vietnam years. Applications to VMI are up 30 percent from their low point in 1972. Morale is up too. No one is embarrassed to wear a uniform anymore or to have short hair. It's been nearly five years now since the fall of Saigon, nearly two years since the last great soldier protest in Washington, nearly twelve years since the massacre at My Lai, the military life-style no longer looks disgraceful, and that's encouraging for this quiet outpost 160 miles southwest of the Pentagon. It means that the school that produced General of the Army George C. Marshall and former AFTL chairman John D. Edlman, that educated four generations of Patton and Byrd, no longer has to defend its commitment to keep on producing more of the same.

Just beyond VMI's gates lies a civilian college, Washington and Lee University—also small, also for men, also rooted in southern tradition. VMI plays Sports to W&L's Academics. VMI's tradition is sterner, harsher, yet cut from the same nineteenth-century ideal. It is geared to the production of the "citizen-soldier." In modern terms, a citizen-soldier is a man who takes out of the institute's mandatory ROTC program and receives a Reserve commission upon graduation. But modern terms aren't used much at VMI. In traditional terms, a citizen-soldier is a man who can beat his sword into a plowshare, or vice versa, at the sound of a single bugle call. He is a warrior who can be summoned from the land, like Washington, like Cicero.

OF THE 1,300 CADETS at VMI, only 15 percent actually make the military a career. One recent graduate who plans to do so is cadet Rick Werber, twenty-three years old, son of a retired colonel who used to be director of



For over a century, VMI has been turning out crisp young men such as these in the citizen-soldier tradition.

Army counterintelligence. Rick grew up on and around military bases in Baltimore, Norfolk, Atlanta, and Germany. He graduated from the American high school in Hildesheim, studied at Dornachgaden, and played football in the stadium at Nuremberg. He liked the Germans, finding them organized and efficient.

Rick's father was never big on war stories. He saw no combat in World War II, was unconscious for three days after a grenade blast in Korea. He remembers bullets whizzing by so fast that they sounded like fagots snapping, but when Rick asked if he'd ever seen anybody he'd killed, he said no. For eleven months in 1967 and 1968, he commanded a division in Vietnam. That he came home. "He doesn't discuss those things," said Rick. "It's not a family situation. It's not pleasant. I don't think he likes killing people, but he does realize that somebody has to do it. He can do it as efficiently as possible in the field."

Like many other cadets, Rick views war as a natural state of affairs. "I realize I'm not going to like hating people," he admitted, "but no matter what I say, humans will be humans, and they're going to fight. Fighting is so basic, so very, very basic. Everything down to the smallest organism will fight if it's physically threatened. That's a very basic animal instinct. It's human to try to overcome that instinct, but that's very tough to do."

THE INSTITUTE has not always existed as an explicit state of protest since the evening of June 12, 1864. It was sheltered and burned by 17,500 federal troops under the command of Virginia-born general David Hunter. The cadets, meanwhile, were retreating through the Blue Ridge Mountains toward Richmond. A month earlier, they had bravely captured the town of New Market. The tiny village of New Market, eighty miles up the valley from Lexington. A year before that, they had buried Stonewall Jackson's one-armed corpse in the town's Presbyterian cemetery. These were VMI's glory days.

The institute had been in existence for twenty years when Virginia seceded. Jackson had arrived as a physician and gynecary instructor in 1851, when he was twenty-seven. He was an object of curiosity at first: A West Point graduate cited for bravery in the Mexican War, he approached his duties with a stammer and staccato that turned enemies even to the state of Virginia of Lexington. But the fame he earned in the War Between the States quickly turned peckishly into legend. A VMI pamphlet relates the tale of a meeting with the representatives. Jackson arrived at the appointed hour, sat in a seat while the representatives ran an errand, failed to return when it became clear he'd been forgotten, and was still waiting when the representatives returned the next morning. Jackson's characteristic inflexibility did not make him popular with students, when asked to repeat a question, for instance, he would do so verbatim. Once someone asked him if he found teaching difficult, since it wasn't what he'd been trained to do. "You say be whatever you resolve to be," he said by way of reply. His words have since been inscribed in stone for succeeding generations to ponder.

The Battle of New Market—VMI's lowest ebb—was actually a matter of accuracy. The main fight was taking place sixty miles to the east, where Grant was advancing on Richmond. But this is not the point. The 247 cadets were part of an army of 4,500 men attempting to halt a Union army of 6,000 advancing on Lee's left flank. The cadets arrived in New Market after a three-day march through the rain, and at one point on the morning of the battle, they were up and on the march again. Late that afternoon, in a violent thunderstorm, led by a tactical officer whose pants had been shot away, carrying mis-ordered rifles that could hardly be fired, they charged through a wheat field that was whistling with gunfire and ready

enough to snuff their shoes off and captured a Union artillery battery. Ten cadets were killed, forty-seven wounded. When Hunter burned the institute a month later, it was in retaliation for the way the cadets had turned the tide at New Market.

Feelings about the war still run high at VMI, especially among the southern boys. When Rick Weidman arrived from Germany, one of the first questions he was asked was which side he was on. "What?" he said, not sure what they meant. "Are you for the North or the South?" they asked. "I'm from Germany," he replied. They decided he must be for the North.

NEW MARKET DAY is celebrated every year on May 12. There is a big parade, and the names of the ten cadets are called, and until very recently, the band always played "Dixie." Johnny Garrett marched in the New Market Day parade his freshman year. Garrett, another recent graduate, was one of the institute's forty-four black cadets. He was captain of the football team, and he lived with two other black cadets, one a football star and one a basketball star. He is an Army lieutenant, and his family came from Texas because his great-grandparents were sold there before the war. His black friends thought he was crazy to come to VMI—not because of its heritage but because of its discipline. He came saying "I pictured it as a fantasy world," he said. "This place was like a big castle. Everybody was marching around in formation. Everything was so regimented. It seemed like a vast dream to me—like a kind of utopia."

It didn't take Garrett long to discover that for a black cadet, VMI was no utopia. But things have changed since Garrett first came to VMI. When talk turns to black cadets now, it is used to be that a black cadet had really accomplished something if he could get a white college girl to say hello. They don't play "Dixie" on New Market Day anymore either. Most of the white cadets don't understand why, but the black cadets insist.

"I wanted to know how it felt," Garrett said, explaining why he marched that time. "I didn't want anybody to tell me, 'You should feel like this.' I had to know for myself. It was an elaborate ceremony, and it was really beautiful the way the men who died were honored. I would march for them at any time, at any place. However, I would not march to Dixie. That hurt me in a way I can't describe. The little cadets that were coming from the people in the crowd, the finger-pointing, that didn't bother me half as much as that song bothered me. When that song first started, it was like somebody threw a warm cloth over my face. I couldn't hear no noise, I couldn't hear people's feet hitting the ground, I couldn't hear anything. All I could hear was that song. I thought of riding my bike when I was seven years old and hearing somebody kick the horn behind me and running around and getting a crotch of heat with it on my face."

"I respect the men who died, even though they were fighting to maintain slavery, because they died for what they believed in. I will honor any man who dies for what he believes in. That's how strongly I feel about anything to Dixie. I would never die that again. I would rather be shot."

VMI REALLY IS SOMETHING of a fantasy world. It has no wars to fight, no trenches to wallow in, all it has to do is turn out crisp young men in its citizen-soldier tradition, dressed and armed for life in a rough, often scolded world. "VMI is not the Army," the saying goes, with the implication both that VMI is not real and that reality is somehow lacking.

Cadets at VMI live by a code that results in rigidity the one Stonewall Jackson set for himself in the 1850s—and



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Discarded "Stonewall" Jackson taught physics and gentry at VMI; he left his words for graduates to ponder.

despite their inevitable protest, most of them seem to like it. Some don't, having been kicked out of other, more lenient schools and told by stern or desperate fathers to shape up or make do with a high school diploma. But most come because they want to, and once having come, they are loath to leave, no matter how much the regimen disagrees with them. Leaving VMI isn't considered transferring or dropping out; it's considered quitting.

The main VMI experience is designed to build up a trait, a fighting trust that comes from close contact, common purpose, shared sacrifice, and a mutual sense of honor. There is a phrase, "brother rat," that refers to a cadet of one's own class and was used in the title of a 1916 Horatio Regan movie about VMI life. Rick Wetherill hates that phrase, and it's true, as his best friend pointed out, that when somebody says, "Hey, brother rat," the next line is usually "How about giving me five bucks?" But the sense of brotherhood that phrase alludes to is no joke. It's something that lasts for life, and it applies to graduates who never forget as well as to cadets who spend four years with.

This is one of the things that make VMI such a great place to be. It means that nobody appreciates the place until he leaves it. Of course, by then he has such an emotional stake in appreciating it that to fail to do so would be as acrid of intolerable self-negation. But there's more to it than that. Being a VMI grad is like being a veteran—a veteran of a war against one's own worst instincts, against drunkenness and violence and death, against lying and cheating and stealing, against any self-indulgence at all. Each graduate has conquered the temptation to be anything other than firm and upright, each graduate represents one more tiny victory for VMI's ideal of manly perfection.

For four years, all cadets live in an immense Gothic barracks that dates from 1851 and consists of two interlocking courtyards that look like ancient collieries. The courtyards are entered through three archways, the largest of which is named for Stonewall Jackson. Entirely different standards

of conduct are maintained inside and outside barracks. Outside barracks, cadets are not permitted to eat or drink (except in restaurants or at parties) or smoke or chew gum. It would look bad for a cadet in uniform to sip a Coke at a football game, for instance. Inside barracks, they are permitted to relax a bit. Upperclassmen, for example, can walk outside in the hallways wearing only their coats. Bathroom rooms are small and neat and connected by exterior passageways known as drops. Fourth classmen—that is, freshmen—are assigned rooms on the topmost stoop, third classmen live on the third stoop, and so on. All cadets live three or four to a room and sleep on cots, which must be folded away in the morning so there's enough space to walk around. The doors to the rooms have glass panels at eye level and no shades. There are no doors on the toilet trails.

UNIFORMS ARE PROVIDED for every occasion. For class, there are black wool duty jackets and crisp white shirts. For nonformal occasions—lunch, dinner, entertaining guests—there are form-fitting gray wool blouses. For dances, there are black blazers and red-and-yellow ties—red, yellow, and white being the school colors. For formal occasions—parties, interviews with the superintendent—there are gray wool coats with tails and gold braid and shiny black shalows with plumes on top. Gray wool pants are worn in winter, white cotton duds in spring. "Virgin duds" are picked up at the laundry twice a week. They steadily come loose stiff with starch, so it's customary to "crack" each pair with a stream of the arm before putting them on.

In addition to his uniforms, each cadet is issued an M-14 rifle and a seven-inch bayonet. The rifles come without firing pins. The bayonets are sharp all along the bottom edge and the outer third of the top edge and have an indentation along the side that allows blood to flow out. It is expected, regulations to pull these bayonets out of their scabbards, but cadets do so anyway. Usually they take them out to

after a cake or to pick a Vienna sausage out of a can. Sometimes they play chicken. Standing face-to-face with their legs spread, two cadets will take turns burping a bagnet at each other's feet, which they move closer together with each shot. They also turn their bagnet into doors to rehearse treason. Cadets talk about treason a lot.

VMI'S ACADEMIC EMPHASIS is on science and engineering rather than on the humanities. Most faculty members have military titles (destructive equals captain or lieutenant, assistant professor equals major, associate professor equals lieutenant colonel, full professor goes to

above). Then they're given a week-long experience that bears that out. This week—VMI's version of freshman orientation—is known as cadet. Cadet begins the evening after matriculation, after meals and had left for home. The next day all but their coats and shoes and have been given baggy trousers and shirts and bushy caps to wear. They look stupid and feel stupid. The only appearance prize are the officers and sergeants who run cadet. They are immediately unforgotten, polished to a gleaming shine, and in total command. The rats quickly learn to fear them.

"I've got a brand of glory out of being a rat," explained one first classman, "they're all going every which way. You get 'em all in here together, you get 'em all looking alike, and they may feel miserable, but it serves a purpose. It gets everybody moving in the same direction—going the same way at the same time. And you can't be nice and do it, because some of them are going to tell you where you can get off. So you have to be hard. You've got to put the fear of God into 'em."

From cadet until sometime after Christmas, "ratline" prevails. During ratline, rats are not permitted to drink liquor, to walk to the bathroom or the showers except in full uniform, or to say the name of their class—the class of '82, for instance. They are given a rat bible with assorted facts to memorize, such as the names of the cadets who were killed at New Market, and they are forced to strain in barracks—to hold their nose and face perfectly rigid, with chin tucked into throat. Having is no longer permitted, vent parties—late-night workouts that turn the fourth-class sleep-slapping with arms—are the rule now. Only ingestion Army exercises are allowed, but that's little consolation to the rat who has just been ordered to do 250 push-ups.

Early in the fall, each first classman picks one rat who will be his dyke. The word "dyke" is spoken with a nervous air when outsiders are present, since it does have other connotations and you wouldn't want to get the wrong idea. At VMI, the dyke does cheer for their first classmate—getting their laundry, rolling up their bay (messbags) in the morning, helping them "dye" out for parties. The first classman answers questions, gives their dyke a feel for the place, let them know the score. Often the relationship is a formal, one-sided one, in which the rat must say "sir," other times, it is more in the nature of a partnership.

THE FIRST CLASSMEN, sometime after Christmas, take a vote as to whether the rats have come together as a class. When they decide yes, a week called reorganization ensues. Reorganization is like the rest of ratline, only worse. Rats have to run to class, the parent parties become more intense, the press grows more intense. Then comes "breakout." Only first classmen know when breakout will occur. On the chosen night, a great party will be scheduled as usual, but, instead, the rats will be ordered to the gym for a workout. Afterward, they'll be put to bed as on any other night. The second hour later, their doors will be unlocked and they'll be ordered to form up in the courtyard. Then the appearance prize will take their position—at the tops of the stairs, with garbage cans filled with water, plastic bags filled with trash and feces. The rats will get a cheer for their class, then break out of uniform and left off in the streets. The other corps will hold them off for a while at each stop, then let

them surge on to the next one. Sometimes things get out of hand, sometimes there are loud pipes and broken heads. Not really, however.

Life returns to normal after breakout. There are parties and classes and athletics and studying and Mickey Mouse movies and always the pressure—the pressure to perform, to conform, to make the grade, to be a cadet. There are parties to celebrate the pressure. Stick bombs and what are called sugar chains are set off in the courtyard. Parties such as parties and executed. A party had that caused headless men to be seen in the courtyard. For some time, a woman's college thirty-five miles away, an introduction for a girl read some Mary Baldwin students had pulled against VMI. Almost a quarter of the corps drove up in a convoy that stretched two miles along the mountainside; they left a Mary Baldwin dorm a wasteland of burning cream and water and broken glass. Many VMI alumni were outraged.

BUT PRANKS, even pranks as spectacular as this, offer brief respite at best from the daily grind. The VMI day begins at 6:40 each morning with ten minutes of baggy suits and ends at 11:30 each evening with taps. In between, there's morning assembly and moral formation and classes every hour and inspection, drill, athletics, or parade almost every afternoon. A common phrase in the cadet vocabulary is "I don't have enough time." Another is "I didn't get enough sleep." A cadet who does not get enough sleep clearly will make up for it in afternoon. Unfortunately, this is apt to leave him without enough time. A cadet who falls out of bed at night is said to be stepping on his own creek—stumbling over his own line, better getting it in his own way. It can happen to anybody. While talking to a cadet in the most relaxed of circumstances, one is apt to detect a wild look of panic flashing through his eyes. That's a signal the cadet is getting into a "shanty"—a measure theory, it's really sound. In other words, he's in a shanty because it means the cadet will be bored by an officer (senior, athlete, dyke). "Getting bored" is a euphemism for being placed on report and usually involves some combination of penalty, loss of confidence in post, and derision. Unsubstantiated study, a major offense, draws a five-see-and-five-see derision, one week's confinement, and five hours of penitence that have to be spent in the cadet study hall. Observed from the outside is known as a ten-see-and-five-see.

Discipline is maintained by a commandant of cadets (senior of students) and a squad of about fifteen tactical officers—cadet members, usually from the military science department, who help police the barracks. The commandant is reportedly a VMI graduate. The commandant who Witherspoon was a Vietnam veteran who had a metal plate in his skull from a helicopter accident and was said to be somewhat eccentric as a result. "When it got rough and heavy," he said, "the plate would swell up and hold it down." Many of the tactical officers are VMI grads too. This puts the cadet at a disadvantage because it gives the tactical officer a knowledge of the system that is so important for comfort. "A cadet will be a cadet," as Rick pointed out, and one of the things a cadet will do is break the rules. But it is considered among cadets that this is not considered breaking the system, it's considered

playing the game. According to the public information officer, himself a recent graduate, VMI doesn't really think discipline as much as it teaches how to break the rules and get away with it. Successful awareness of the rules, within limits, is considered a measure of a cadet's attitude and of his ability to function in later life.

One of the most popular ways a cadet can cut himself off by "stealing the book"—stealing from barracks, usually to party at an illegal apartment in town or at a Washington and Lee first house. W&L fraternities are housed in white-colored mansions that look as if they were lifted from the set of Gone with the Wind. Frequently these fraternities stage parties whose purpose seems to be to trash these



Rick Witherspoon, a recent grad. "Fighting is so very, very basic."

be called colored), although few are actual soldiers and many of those are retired. The corps of cadets is organized as an infantry regiment, with a regimental band and two battalions of three rifle companies each, all led by cadet officers who are variously known as "marksmen," "marksmen," and "dikes," depending on their relative popularity and distance from the speaker. Since promotions are granted on the basis of grades and perceived leadership traits, attempts to carry favor with authority figures are inevitable.

At the very bottom of the VMI pyramid are those cadets known as rats. Rats are incoming freshmen. The first thing they're told is that they're the lowest form of life imagin-



Cadets march past "one of the last bastions of male chauvinism."

houses as thoroughly as possible. Sewerage is spread on the floor, bags of beer are set up on the veranda. Black-backed discoloration gets soaked, and bands wrap clothes like "My Drug-A-Like" and "I'll Always Love My Mamm," and cadets drink beer in chinos and T-shirts, usually wearing and can read yells and snare in the bandstand. To the average cadet, this much fun is well worth the risk of several weeks' confinement.

One rule no one can break is the honor code. The honor code states that a cadet may not lie, cheat, or steal, or tolerate anyone who has. It is cherished among cadets that vagrancy used to be chastised among southern students.

A Complete Look at Skipping

ATTENTION, pedal-mobility fans: Sick of jogging? Bored with skating? Need a new way to get your body in gear? Skip it, America! No equip. nec. G&L for the body and mind.

by Robert Grossman



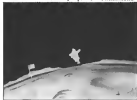
Dr. Ingrid Benbenben, noted gyno-orthopedologist, bore domesticated basic technique. Says Dr. B: "While any animal can walk and run, only humans can skip." "This why aren't more adults skipping?" "Embarrassment," replies the doctor. Is there a cure? "Skip in emergencies," she says, "when nature calls. Skip to the loo, for example."



Exotic physical sensations like "never's high" and "skater's coast," have been induced by skipping. Dr. Rudolph Farnsworth (left) of MIT labeled these sensations *werewalker skips*, a condition that derives from the effect of the locomotion on the brain. Dr. Farnsworth questions its benefits. "Skipping hurts my treadmill," he notes.



The ancients skipped for decades before the first recorded marathon run. In fact, Sunday skipping competitions held over courses of 500 or more miles were not uncommon in major Roman cities. Says Dr. Benbenben: "Soldiers skipped thousands of miles on their way to battle and arrived refreshed. Hardly a sport for the treadmilled."



NASA officials contend that skipping may be the best mode of self-education on foreign planets and even on beaches. Cautionary gear and soft protective suits can be carried easily. Says a space-agency spokesman: "We have personal skipping routinely from Florida to Houston as part of our training program. Motorists, be warned."



Civilian skippers are advised to wear ordinary street clothing when out for a skip. Skirts and tapcoats make for a pleasant parabolic effect during the downward phase of the skip. As far as recommended footwear is concerned, the leather-soled wingtip is perfect for men, a classic pump for women, and vice versa. Remember to skip relaxed. —

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maniac and spending the next four days under the barn, after getting crabs twice, you made another decision. You decided to go back to the city.

You knew it, but you were not alone. The jogging paths and tennis courts and corporate payrolls of America are thick with the faded swamps of the late Sixties and the early Seventies. Those pathetic forays into the rural backwaters are now the stuff of legend, the sort of long and complicated tales that start howls in cocktail parties even as they trigger spray-burns of nostalgia. You were naive, possibly noble. But above all, you were young. And those days, well, those days are gone.

But not everybody returned from the hills. Not everybody went into the woods wearing sneakers and tea shades, carrying only the *I Ching* and a fifty-pound bag of brown rice. Some folks actually knew what they were doing and made it work. And thanks to the ones who succeeded in the wilderness of California's north coast counties, particularly Mendocino and Humboldt, life in these dope-smoking United States will never be the same.

New York journalist David Noonan is currently at work on his first novel.

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It started as a personal thing. Signed letters from the Hawks and others in search of the elusive "alternatives" drifted up Highway 101 and gradually carved out tight little lives in the impossible terrain that is 100 miles north

IT'S UNCLE SAM'S OWN HOMEGROWN
MARIJUANA. AND IT COMES FROM
CALIFORNIA, LAND OF DOPE AND GLORY

BY DAVID NOONAN

ANYONE VENTURING TOO NEAR A POT GARDEN CAN EXPECT TO BE FIRED ON. TALES OF SHOOT-OUTS ARE COMMON, AND THERE ARE STORIES OF BODIES BURIED WITHOUT BENEFIT OF PREACHER.

of San Francisco. Besides the A&P and the corner candy store, one of the corner stores they left behind was the local dope dealer, the guy they could call and who would let movers later drop by with a load of sand-heavy Mexican. So they started to grow their own. Homegrown dope has been a dope for a hefty while, even if the first few years did cause long sailaways and did stink up the house. At least up there in the jungle they didn't have to worry about getting kicked for a few plants.

Well, people tend to get better at things as they go along, and those early growers learned a little more about growing marijuana with each crop. They "read up" on the subject. And the American, law-abiding, farmers they discovered the critical importance of starting with the right seeds. Crops were dispatched and returned with seeds from Hawaii, Jamaica, Colombia, Africa, India, and Thailand. They learned to spot and eliminate the male plants in the early stages of the growing process (it's the female plants that pack the brain punch, and if the males are kept away, pollination of the females is prevented—which means more powerful weed and no seeds.) They learned to trim the lower leaves so that the THC (tetrahydrocannabinol), the chemical that gets one high, would mature up and collect in the buds at the top of the plant. They experimented with fertilizers and watering systems. They worked hard, the good farmers should, and the next thing they knew, they were doing it. They were growing that good weed. A friend from the city would stop by a few days and say, "Hey, how about selling me some of this stuff that you're growing up here?"

The next year's planting season came around, and the rest of the patch developed. The friend came back and allowed as he could get in touch of this good shit as he could get his hands on. And the California marijuana business just took off from there.

Depending on which grower you talk to, north coast marijuana was first available in quantities that affected the California market in either 1975 or 1976. Parson pulled 1976 for obvious reasons. One thing is certain: The domestic cultivation business has gone right through the roof, and 1979 was the biggest year ever. The downward inflection on the use of California's mari-

juana-growing business is \$500 million a year. The high is a pump \$1 billion. Split the difference and you're talking about \$750 million in cash, most of which changed hands up in Humboldt and Mendocino counties.

Just what is it that generates such heavy growth? The answer is pot that knocks your socks off. It's the one-hit city stuff, softer than conventional reek, stronger than the faded superheros from Hawaii, with THC levels as much as five times higher than those of your average weed. It's good-old Western homegrown, all grown-up.

If only it didn't cost so much. There's the rub. Depending on quality, an ounce of marijuana costs from \$100 to \$250. A pound runs from \$1,000 to \$3,500, averaging out at about \$1,400 wholesale. It's a classic seller's market, the demand far outstripping the supply, and the man in the street with neither the money nor the connections to score cannabis is rarely just more than just an occasional toke.

You're down in San Francisco in August. Earthquake knocking you out of bed. The fog's rolling in like the blues, and your lady, she just don't want to see you no more. Up on the bluffs, the dunes are epidemic; every day another one pops up, heightening the lunacy of the vitamin landscape, the sea dunes. They're down in the Truckee and heading home to slip a little scratched rock 'n' roll on the turntable. You just got fired and sub-poisoned on the same day. The trial of Dan White is still hanging over everything, the biggest, blackest cloud of the town. And to think the crop won't be in for another two months.

It's a fact. All of San Francisco weed. Harvesting in the north coast counties runs roughly from October into December, and in that time frame near, there is no subject dearer to the urban dope smoker than the not-so-subtle of building kolas of marijuana. Through the late summer and into the fall, the shake weed—the clippings from the lower portions of the plant—makes its way into the city. The shake is a possible high, but, most important, it's evidence that the great northern pot soil comes rolling into town.

Despite the anticipation, down in San Francisco is where you can also pick up in the first flutters of paranoia—vague references to the ill fate

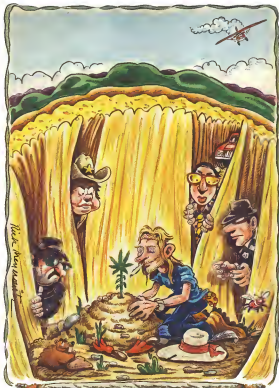
that can befall those who want to know too much, assembled half-truths about people wandering into the hills for the wrong reasons. Like the rumor about the young lad from Maui who went "camping" up north last harvest-time and came back with some broken for his ankles. City folk worry the grower is a man essentially alone and, consequently dangerous, the dope-growing counties as places where arson buses have clearly been drawn and are best left alone.

HIGHWAY 101 IS THE main drag of dope country. It runs north from San Francisco up through Marin, Sonoma, Mendocino, Humboldt, and Red Bluff counties and on into Oregon. In its lower reaches, in Sonoma and southern Mendocino, wine is the thing. If you stopped for a sample at every vineyard that makes the offer with roadside billboards, it would take you a full day to get to the Humboldt border—if you somehow managed to keep your drunk self from becoming one with the front end of a logging truck.

Just across the Humboldt-Mendocino border, after Garberville, you get off 101 if you're serious about where you are and get on the Old Redwood Highway, locally referred to as the Avenue of the Giants. Of the 100,000 acres of old growth redwood forests preserved in the state park system, roughly half are in Humboldt County, and the Avenue of the Giants will take you on a wandering trip right through the middle of them. The Avenue is two-lane blacktop that winds its way along 101 and into the soul of Siskiyou County.

It's not something in the soil that has turned northern California into the marijuana-growing capital of the United States. Meritless, the experts will tell you, is a handy weed and will grow just about anywhere if you give it enough water and light. What makes the north coast counties ideal for pot farming is the terrain and the microclimate. It's dramatically rough country, the kind that swallows you up, the kind you have to go on.

You leave the highway and immediately find yourself on a pot-baked road that looks as if it was just chipped out last week. And the further you get from Highway 101, the worse the roads get. As a rule, if he





FROM OCTOBER INTO DECEMBER, THERE IS NO SUBJECT DEARER TO THE SAN FRANCISCO DOPE SMOKER THAN THE POT AVALANCHE SOON TO DESCEND FROM HUMBOLDT AND MENDOCINO COUNTIES.

doesn't have four-wheel drive, he's a tourist. It's Redwood Country, and it makes a man feel small! You spin along, and it gets steeper and more tangled with each passing mile. You stop a hill, and respectable values stretch away down in every direction. You get up there in those hills, and you just might think about God and marijuana.

Wherever you are, when you're in Marin County around harvest-time, you fit neatly into one of several categories. You are either a grower, a buyer, a narcotics agent, a visitor, a thief, or a local resident. Visitors stay on the beaten path and avoid asking stupid questions. Local residents who aren't involved in the grass business keep an eye on things, charting the evolution of the phenomenon, measuring the impact on their lives. The others, the growers and the buyers and the men and the thieves, are all lined up as a modern adventure story complete with guns, airplanes, and, sometimes, death.

All growers are outlaws. They are taken down the law and if caught and convicted are subject to from three months to three years in state prison. Some growers are bigger outlaws than others. Amongst for variations in yield per plant (usually just under a pound) and quality (outer space and beyond), the average California grower's share is worth about a thousand bucks or a little more on maturity. So for a lot of otherwise law-abiding citizens, it's handy to have a few plants around to cover any gaps in home finances.

This small-time activity behind the barn is widespread in the north coast counties and is of no real concern to the authorities. The big boys in the domestic cultivation business are the so-called commercial growers; they are the people who harvest top-grade smoke in 100-pound lots and who ship boxes throughout the country in everything from Volkswagens to commercial air cargo planes. The big growers are the cocaine growers. They are sophisticated professionals, crafty capitalists making their way in a difficult business. They are wealthy, and they are discreet. They keep guns under the bed and attorneys in their pocketbooks. To some extent, they are organized. And they can really grow that good shit.

Crashing down an overgrown, old logging road in a heavy-duty four-wheel-drive pickup truck means bumping over a deeply rutted trail that seems to lead nowhere. The driver, Tom (not his real name), a commercial grower whose 1979 crop was his ninth, stops twice to unload marijuana bags blocking the way. As we approach our destination, Tom points out two large dead trees alongside the trail that have been partially cut through and are held in place with heavy ropes. The trees have been prepared so that in the event a sheriff's pot posse is spotted, the trees can be quickly dropped to block the road. There is a wooden lookout platform in another tree. During harvest, the platform will be manned almost continuously by one of the people Tom hires to help him bring in his crop. The lookout will be armed with a sniper rifle and a video-tulizer. He will be watching out for sheriff's men but wouldn't be pot hunters. For this grower, guns and the attendant paranoia are driving but necessary.

"I don't like having guns around," Tom complains. "But there have been too many rip-offs, too many hassles. I've never been hit myself, but some friends have. One guy I know came back to his house and found these guys in his living room with his wife. They had shot him and they stole his money. He's still a wreck. You ought to see the gun he's got. All over the place."

THE ROAD PETERS OUT. It's hiking time. We climb a steep hill for ten minutes and reach a well-planted marijuana garden. ("Garden" is the basic term preferred by growers and humanists alike, despite the reality of a 9,000-dollor illegal industry.) The fifty or so plants in this garden are planted in a line. Not only does this arrangement simplify the layout of the automatic watering system, but Tom believes that planting in a line, as opposed to in a rectangle, makes it more difficult to spot the garden from the air. He points out that this is but one of a string of small grows he has going in the immediate area this year. The troubles here to keep up his crop without drawing unnecessary attention to himself, although it does mean a bit more ran-

ning around as well as some problems with security.

Tom has also made sure that the garden grows on state-owned property. This popular practice takes a lot of the worry out of growing high-grade marijuana for commercial distribution because there's no growing owner to be held liable. The fence running around the garden is electrified to discourage deer and other animals from nibbling. Once the summer months are over, the grower and his people will spend their nights in the fields, a mess, of course, to protect their investment.

Tom tells me that his 1978 crop netted him \$200,000.

Richard (a pseudonym) is a twenty-machete-old (or so) commercial grower proposing to bring in his fifth crop. He is the quintessential 1980 Marin County farmer, complete with neatly groomed brown hair, thick mustache, Hawaiian shirt, green nylon jogging shorts, running shoes, and a couple of pieces of solid silver jewelry on his wrist. He has the relaxed air of a man who has mastered his chosen field and expects to master others in the future. His business is a steady stream of \$150,000 from their 1978 cultivation efforts. Richard, a botanist who once grew prize-winning rhododendrons, takes what he calls a "scientific approach" to the growing business. He uses statistics and does more work and more seed banks in California and is constantly experimenting with fertilizing formulas. This year, he is trying to get one bush of pot to taste like another by way of a special growth he's developed. "Last year, I had thirty-two different strains in my garden," he says, "and I knew them all."

Like most growers, Richard began his career as a small grower in his back yard. In his five years in a commercial grower, Richard has never planted in the same place twice. Through arrangements with landowner friends, he has brought in crops from all over California. "I can drive from here," he says. "I like to cut down the risk."

This year he's growing in Mendocino, commuting to the site from his home in Marin. "I'm really roughing it this year," he says, "living in a tent and just eating. Last year I had a great setup through a nice house, stereo, TV, hot tub—the whole business."

THOSE NOT GROWING POT COMMERCIALLY CAN STILL
MAKE \$1000 A PLANT BY THROWING A FEW SEEDS
BEHIND THE BARN. THE PRACTICE IS WIDESPREAD,
AND THE AUTHORITIES LOOK THE OTHER WAY

Richard keeps no guns, he doesn't like them. "One day partners in prisoned, and I can't stand to be around the guy. My feeling is that guns can only create more trouble, and I don't need it." Although he acknowledges that the money is "lame," Richard says the best part of the job for him is getting people high. "I try to make my product diverse. I have a very select market." Last year, his crop was sold in two chunks. One went to Florida, and one went to Alaska. "It's very hard to grow a lot of good pot," he says. "There's a big difference between growing two-thousand-dollar pot and growing one-thousand-dollar pot." The latter part of his last crop went for \$2,000 a pound, the worst part for \$1,200.

Richard, who works as a consultant to other commercial pot growers throughout the season, is considering getting out of the marijuana business, at least as a grower. "There are times when it occurs to me that I'm actually putting my life on the line. I've got kids, I'm thinking about getting married again, I'm getting old," he says. "I'm saying, 'Of course I'll come in. It's an exciting business, a lot of fun. But it can't last forever.'" Asked to look down the road a bit, he says, "Five years from now, the tobacco companies will be making the drug, and they'll be hiring people to do it for them." Which sounds strange coming from a man who embodies the mystique of the modern bootlegger, but that mystique is not something Richard is particularly invested in.

"People get very carried away by the cultivation thing, but it's really very simple," Richard says. "Somebody has to grow pot, that's all. It doesn't grow on trees, you know," and he laughs at his own joke.

Every grower has his own approach to the business of cultivation. Some plant bags gardens of a thousand plants of many sorts grow on their own property, often lease property from someone's backwoods, and still others plant on someone else's land without telling them. Each grower has his own little tricks—special methods of watering, fertilizing, camouflaging, harvesting, bushy-training, and drying his crop. To protect themselves from rip-off and raids, they organize armed patrols and CB communication systems. To enjoy themselves,

they get together for harvest festivals, where growers, smokers, and smokers celebrate another successful year and judge their product on as various standards. That they hold festivals and competitions—rather extreme indulgences for activities that destroy the growers for what they really are a bunch of farmers. A bunch of very rich, very special farmers endowed of their crop, anxious to see it recognized as the best, anxious to compete and win the blue ribbon. So they grow dope, and they buy land, and they build homes, and they buy trucks, and they don't flush their earnings with conspicuous consumption. They're just a bunch of old-school, big-time, dope-dealing farmers, and every season they face the basic threat to their way of life—more and more.

HUMBOLDT COUNTY'S two main marijuana supply works out of a small, windowless office in the county seat courthouse, in Eureka. Two different desks are jammed together, and on the wall is a high-Ten color photo, which is a long photo of the mouth's featured illegal substance. Along the top of the brochure is an array of rough clips, scales, bags, and hash paper that would do any head a good turn. In the corner, there's a map of the county covered with color-coded guidelines and bordered by a dense, unbroken of pickup trucks loaded with sealed marijuana plants. In some of the pictures, the sheriff's men are posing with the marijuana like fishermen on a dock with a freshly landed marlin.

Chris Thiel has been a narcotics agent in Humboldt County for six years. He is an enthusiastic young man of thirty-six with the shoulder-length hair, jeans, and downy nose endemic to the county. He looks like a man who dominates the north coast counties. In 1975, Thiel thought it might be a good idea to use an airplane to check out reports that were coming in about fields of marijuana growing in the southern end of the county. So he went for the first time, and, well, he just couldn't believe what he saw.

Today, Chris Thiel is out on patrol in the county when it comes to spotting pot gardens from the air. He is the self-proclaimed "spy in the sky," buzzing over the mountains of Humboldt

with a full of maps, with a \$5,000 pair of gyro binoculars, and with his own well-cared eyes, looking for fields of reeds to—in the language of ares—eradicate.

"To me, marijuana sticks out just like a big red flag," Thiel says. "It just doesn't belong there; that's why it shows."

And that is that. Thiel is a changed man, his speech comes in bursts to attack his subject from five sides at once. Although last year's assault on the cultivation business has to be one of the most frustrating jobs in narc history, he believes in what he does. "I've got friends who teach in the schools around here," he says. "And they are these kids, smoking this stuff, and look just can't handle it. They're screwing themselves up. It's bad stuff. I don't like to see it in the schools, and that's where it winds up."

Serious as he is about marijuana use, when the subject is cultivation, it's clear that Thiel enjoys the challenge of it all, takes pleasure in the on-the-one aspect of his job. "When after the commercial growers," he says, "the big guys. And we don't go in looking for, but we protect ourselves. That's rough country. The growers get pissed, and we expect them to get pissed, because we're ripping off their crops, but so far, there's been no rough stuff, and I only hope it stays that way. We did find an AK47 in one garden, and for a while we started taking M16As and AR15s in with us, but we've lightened up a little. These growers know that all they have to do is shoot one law officer and the whole thing is over."

It's the trading parties that are the big narc events during the marijuana growing season, and like all five-starred military operations, these raids have an enormously primitive party about them.

The target fields are spotted from the air, and their location is charted. Search warrants are secured, and a volunteer "evacuation team" is organized by the sheriff's office. The volunteers jump into their four-wheel-drive pickups and take off into the outback. [Thiel coughs and a nod that involved seventeen tracks and forty-one men.] But the convoys are usually spotted by the growers, and the word is passed along the grapevine that the

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AMERICAN DOPE

THE LAWMEN

While the federal government captured a staggering 648 tons of pot in 1978, the Humboldt County Sheriff's Office seized a mere 4 1/2 tons of homegrown grass in 1978, a figure in contrast represents between 7 and 10 percent of locally grown weed. The growers consider that estimate high. Whatever the true figure, north coast marijuana growers and they are becoming the surface. One official guess is that cultivation in Humboldt County has increased 300 percent since 1977. In 1978, there were fewer than twenty arrests for commercial cultivation in Humboldt, and the county's legal police in these cases was said "We have never made a serious effort to send people to state prison for growing marijuana," says Humboldt district attorney Bernard DePaola, and, in fact, no one from Humboldt has ever gone to state prison for the crime.

Of course, there are attempts by the law to infiltrate the north coast's marijuana community, but the close-knit nature of the special culture and the small population of most of the towns combine to make it very difficult to get inside. In some of the area's best, people in the mood for a little strange fun have been known to play "get stoned with the narc" in the parking lot, exploiting the cloak-and-dagger common for a time here and there, clearing up when the narcos make their inevitable request for a good local marijuana connection.

The local community does not want to get involved in beating marijuana growers, in fact, in October of 1978, the Humboldt County Board of Supervisors voted three to two against the county's \$19,643 share of the statewide strike force grant. In addition, a survey by California Democratic state senator Barry Keene, whose district runs through the heart of the grass lands, showed that 42.9 percent of 12,000 area residents believed that marijuana should be taxed and legal-

ized for consumption by adults. Another 21.2 percent said that the growing of marijuana for strictly personal use should be decriminalized, while 33 percent felt the use of marijuana should be made a crime heavily punishable by long jail terms.

The seemingly overnight explosion of California grass into the American marketplace has alerted the dope-buying habits of millions of marijuana smokers. In the States, imported marijuana from Colombia, Mexico, and Southeast Asia was all there was, today, as much as 33 percent of the pot smoked in California is grown locally.

Across the rest of the country, the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) estimates that some 15 percent of the dope America smokes is American and from states like West Virginia, Kentucky, Oregon, Hawaii, Florida, Kansas, Texas, and even Alaska. And the hit gets longer every year.

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THE SAN FRANCISCO

office of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML), a nationwide Washington-based pro-marijuana lobbying outfit, is one large room overlooking the intersection of Filmore and Union streets. There's an overhead coping mechanism, a couple of bar stools, a couple of bar stools, a wall of shelves loaded with pro-marijuana T-shirts and literature, a couple of workbenches, and one large wooden desk where Gordon Browndell, NORML's western regional coordinator, sits. Browndell, age thirty-five, is on the telephone dispensing information in the quick, clear tones of a man who knows exactly what he's talking about. He is the amplified voice of the current political organizer, a pot professional.

Although he is an otherwise unremarkable office, there are strange and noticeable objects hanging from Browndell's walls: expensive-looking prints of exotic marijuana plants from all over the world, twinning close-ups of purple and red buds dripping with profused chemicals, stark portraits of lamely grown homegrown grass seedling tall in the warm California sun, and an unframed color photograph of Ronald Reagan that reads:

To Gordon,
With deep appreciation and warm regard,
Ronald Reagan

sheriff is on the move. The raid is tracked as it moves along toward the target area, and the affected growers clear out. The riding party is guided in and warned of dangers by a letter placed on the ground. Progress is often impeded by the fact that the growers drop across the scene roads on their way out.

In the past, bridges have been dismantled, cement highways constructed, and miles of heavy chain strung in the effort to keep the sheriff out of the gardens. Once, in the middle of nowhere, of course, a bus was carefully abandoned across the law's path. But such obstacles are soon overcome. Eventually the riding party reaches the chosen garden, and they tear up the plants. Then they load them into the trucks, weigh them, and burn them.

Although the growers and the law close to have never exchanged gunfire, there has been shooting in Marin County. With the autumn harvest over the pot ratters, looking to make pot right out from under the growers. The growers fear the pot ratters more than they do the law because the ratters have no rules. There have been kidnappings, assaults, burglaries, and known homicides connected with the marijuana business in the north coast counties. In a few cases, growers have been granted immunity to help solve cases of violent crime. A

large number of the people coming in to stand are said to be local, coming from as far away as San Francisco. But hardened criminals have also been picked up in the area. From late summer through the harvest season, many growers have had their own gardens and maintain an armed watch. Any one who gets too close can expect to be fired on. Tales of shoot-outs are fairly common, and there are stories of bodies being burned without benefit of funeral.

The wild West atmosphere of the California marijuana business has sparked serious social changes throughout the north coast. There's money around, something that hasn't been seen since the logging industry, once the boom of the area's economy, bottomed out years ago. Many local people have gotten into cultivation simply because of the cash-flow logic of it.

But the violence that goes with the dope business has brought fear into what was once a peaceful wilderness. The big danger is that crime syndicates like the ones that have ruined the Mexican marijuana business with a shooting gallery will spring up around domestic cultivation. It's the uncertainty of it all that puts the folks on edge. Will marijuana be legalized, and if it is, will the money disappear? Will potagers try to take over? Will the feds decide to crack down?

**POLITICIANS ARE STARTING TO LICK THEIR CHOPS
IN ANTICIPATION OF A MARIJUANA TAX TO FILL
THE MONEY GAP THAT PROPOSITION 13 CREATED.
THE POT MARKET IS SIMPLY TOO BIG TO IGNORE.**

There's also one from Mission Land: To my friend Gordon Brown, With best wishes for the future. Regards, Mel Lord

Brownell's explanation for these apparent contradictions reveals him to be the marijuana movement's most baffling crusader. In 1968, as an enthusiastic young Republican, he worked on the Nixon presidential campaign. His efforts were big in the Nixon White House, where he labored for the better part of a year as the administrative assistant to Nixon's chief political strategist, Harry S. Dent.

In 1970, Brownell shifted to Reagan's California gubernatorial campaign. It was during that campaign that Brownell got his first taste of politics in a serious way. He actually attempted to convince the Reagan people that a liberal stand on marijuana might do Reagan some good in the polls. Subsequently, Brownell fell the Republican party. Today, he has the classic, reassuring appearance of a young attorney who has just figured out the judge's weakness. With him more than eight years of marijuana activism behind him, Brownell has a conviction that is inevitable and that the boom in domestic cultivation is one of the main factors that will speed up the legalization process.

"While a lot of politicians will not pay attention to personal freedom issues," Brownell says, "that is, our right to use and to grow marijuana, the magnitude of the market is just too significant to ignore. We are seeing a heightened interest among legislators as the tax revenue implications of the establishment of a legal marijuana market in California." Brownell knows that California's domestic officials are starting to lick their chops over a marijuana tax to fill the Proposition 13 money gap. He also views the violence attendant on the cultivation business as a result of prohibition. Legitimate, the activist says, would end all that.

Ironically, if marijuana is legalized and becomes a legitimate California industry, it's not likely the north coast counties will be the site of the huge commercial farms. The best bet is a geography that makes the area ideal for illegal cultivation also makes it a terrible place for legal cultivation.

Other pot pros, particularly the growers, have a much grimmer vision of what a legal marijuana explosion will spawn. There is a fear, real or not, that the federal government will lower the boom in the wake of legalization, wiping out small group operations in favor of large corporate groups by the use of heavily concentrated federal resources on who can and who cannot grow marijuana for sale in a free market.

There is always back room talk about the alcohol and liquor industry moving in to strangle the small wholesale marijuana farmer with big bucks, powerful lobbies, and already existing market frameworks that could put California pot on the shelf of every rural store in the country a week after legalization occurs.

Vietnam growers tell tales under heavy clouds of paranoia, word and personal stories of government and big business working together in some odd whose aim is to wipe out the poor dope grower. They point to things like the U.S.-sponsored marijuana farm on the campus of O'P Maui, where for the past two years the Customs E. Turner has experimented with growing powerful hybrid strains of rice-marijuana that can keep one on Maui for three days. There are legends of big tobacco companies buying cooperatives in the tropical middle to grow and market pot seeds in outer space. There are rumors of the drug and alcohol giant taking out patents on patented strains as Amiguel Gold and Pamela Ruben claim. And then there's something called the marijuana strike force.

THE FORCE ARRIVED in the fall of 1979, when the California Department of Justice received a six-figure grant of \$130,000 for a joint eradication program. Many growers view that as the first phase of a massive federal and state effort to wipe out California's domestic cultivation business. Among other things, the plan calls for using infrared aerial photography and a "burn in a grower" scheme that offers bonuses on marijuana growers. The strike force will also involve airplanes, helicopters, police, and intelligence personnel. "We consider it an important project," says Jerry Jensen, the western regional di-

rector of the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration. "It's worthy of that kind of investment and cost money. If necessary, to bring it under control before it develops into a much bigger problem. If we don't do something, assist and encourage the lynch as that they can contain the problem, then we're going to have an enormous situation on their. We're going to discourage this thing by disrupting them, taking the profits out of it, and, hopefully, sending some of these people to jail." Jensen says that one way to take the profits out of cultivation is to seize the land the gardens are found on, which the DEA can do if it can prove that the owner knew marijuana was being grown.

The DEA are particularly interested in what's going on in northern California because the cultivation business has spread like wildfire throughout the country, a business they helped create by working to hard to eliminate the importation of foreign marijuana, which according to government figures is still valued at some \$40 billion a year.

But even while California officials attempt to uproot the state's thriving marijuana business, they appear to rethink a major profit in the quality of their largest export. California attorney general George "Duke" DeSanto, who has been on the strike force even had the ring of a chamber of commerce endorsement. The release described California's marijuana as the large and extra-potent California marijuana, claiming that there's something called the marijuana strike force. "It's a tremendous profit to be made from the potent California-grown marijuana."

What have those bigwigs wrought? They were supposed to go back to the land, never to be heard from again. Instead, they have started something, a multi-million-dollar industry that is born to stay. Right now they're leaping in that barnyard as there is the outworld hills, taking their American Word and doing in the sun. The mortgage is paid, the kids are asleep, and those classic American entrepreneurs, having done the best they could with what they have, want now decide what all hardworking people must eventually decide—where to go on vacation. ☐

COVERING THE SUPER BOWL

BY BOY BLOUNT JR.

It's said that pro football's annual finale is simply too big to cover. But when the game is viewed from the oddest of angles, the truth can be glimpsed obliquely

Every year at this time, I go to the Super Bowl and fail to cover it. I might as well try to cover Christmas. Sure, I generally did up some startling facts during Super Week. One year I learned that Ernie Holmes, the Pittsburgh Steeler tackle, had bought his old high school. After hearing that it was closed down, he went back to Tulsa and bought it.

High school is where I realized that I was never, myself, going to play as a Super Bowl. I came to that realization after getting eighth-grade football the first day of practice. The next thing I knew, I was a writer, and the Super Bowl was looming above me. That's the way life goes, I reflect every year during Super Week. But it's hard to cover the mysteries of the way life goes, especially while you are standing in line for Super store socks and condoms, courtesy of the National Football League, and trying to keep an objective eye on the bowls.

TIME after this I have taken the Super Bowl's best shot and given it mine. I have walked down onto the sidelines, I have crept in to the end zone with the half-time show, I have haunted around the Superdome with a ticket scalper, I have drunk martinis on Super Saturday with the Pittsburgh defensive line, and in collaboration with Pete Aschelin, of Newsweek, I have bashed out the stock of a flower girl (who wore a classic bedspread and flip-flops) and covered the Fourth Quarter streets on Super Bowl day, dispensing free pamphlets to Super fans and blowing up kazoos.

I have approached Super Week from just about every angle except the one that a guy came up with right after the game last year. That weekend-

ed fan somehow got past Super guard dogs and security men and entered the Steeler dressing room, where he undressed and took a shower with the Super victors. "We wondered who he was," Steeler tackle Larry Brown said later. "He didn't look anything like a football player. He was a little white guy." The unknown dived off and put his clothes on in front of tight and Bernie Cunningham's locker, where, although Cunningham is a big black guy, he was privy to an Cunningham by more than one reporter.

But I don't think that guy in the locker room really covered the Super Bowl either. You can't cover the Super Bowl, it is too massive, too emotive, too expensive, too self-indulgent. Maybe this year the NFL will finally break down and admit that "Super Bowl" is too small a term, it ought to be "Steppin' California," and the press ought to come in at six for two weeks instead of just one so they have time to get primed to fill in cover it.

Last year, George Hahn, the owner of the Boat, came into the press lounge and told him he intended to go back. There, Bill Murray of *Saturday Night Live* came in and told the Gator suckles off the shoes of Anaheim's associate Max McGowan.

"That was good," one sports writer said at the time. "Murray was good. But it's all hype."

But that still doesn't quite cover the Super Bowl. To be sure, the Bowl is Superbilled, but it also causes me, at least, to muse. "You know," I will offer you to someone at a Super week hour, "Ernie Holmes bought his old high school."

"Yeah?" will be the reply. Or, "Yeah."

This year Super Week is in Pasadena and coronaca, which is my third-favorite Super site New Orleans is the best because you can sit in the Old Absolut House and keep track of everything that goes on. Miami is not best because of Kelly's, a bar that Bill

Murray discovered. The front of Kelly's is open to the street, so you can dance to the phobos right out into the roadway and watch such things as a Cuban-American war work. If you have never, while dancing, seen one Cuban-American family car running over another Cuban-American family car and the passengers spilling out, you going about who was at fault and blaming for carloads of supporters who arrive sweating loudly that they were right, you have not part of the full spectrum of American experience. I don't know of any bar like Kelly's in or near Pasadena.

THE last time the Super Bowl was in Pasadena, though, in '77, there were some interesting developments in the ongoing tradition of Super misadventure. For one thing, the press lounge closed and every Super Week night. The reason, I was told, was that in Miami, the previous year, certain parties without official sanction welcomed Jerry Jeff Walker, the marijuana cowboy singer and writer of "Mr. Bogalugs," into that room late one night to play the guitar and sing various songs, including one he wrote called "Funga la Monia." The disappearance of Jerry Jeff's appearance in one of the things that make it hard for me to comprehend the Super Bowl. That musical asterisk seemed to me the most revealing part of Super Week '76 (except for the late Pittsburgh's Steeler Herman blocked a punt with his face). But I understood that a writer from South Bend called it a desecration. And so, no more free drinks and oases did from the NFL after midnight.

On the other hand, the '77 Super Bowl had the Polo Lounge. There I would have been in the lobby of Sports Illustrated's Dan Jenkins, who knew the headmaster, and watch the heavy commotion. At one point, somebody—I

Boy Blount Jr. recently accompanied a new look, Redneck White House Blues

forget you—pointed to an unassuming but well-dressed and vaguely fisher-looking old gentleman and said, "You know who that is, don't you?"

I said no.

"That's God's brother."

"Oh," I said. I heard something.

"Never quite made it at anything," he said. "Still hanging around Brooklyn boys all his time."

I'm sorry, but I don't think of things in terms of time. Of course, I could see Gene Rayburn or Penn Land Hayes and be impressed. During Super Bowl '77, I went to dinner with a group that included Mark Rydell, the director and actor. In The Godfather, he played the hood who hits his girl friend in the face with a Coke bottle and says "And I love . . . her" to show Elliott Gould how tough he is. Well, in high school I knew a guy who really did hit somebody in the face with a Coke (technically, a Nesquik) bottle once (actually, twice), but I had never met anybody who'd done it on the screen. A local woman who had joined as for dinner had to leave early because, she said, she had to get up early so she could get depressed in time for an appointment with her shrink. I slovenly left Hollywood. At a CBS party on a weekend-drive lot, I ate mince tarts and watched a stunt man get set on fire.

Oh, '77 was a great old Super Bowl in many ways. But overrated? By Super bowl hour, many of us in the press corps were already sick of the Vikings being out to be (the Vikings were so amenable, you will recall, that the game was as boring as most Super Bowls have been.) In the press box before the kickoff, I saw a man, an aged caver, next to George Kimball, of The Banned Phoenix, who had just visited people having prostate cocktails and brunch all around a man who was lying on the ground having a prostate exam attack. Kimball shook his head, looked out at the rather over-the-hill green-haired, dotted with gray, costumed Raiders and Vikings, and sighed, "I'm not even sure I'm down."

NOW I am too thin-blooded when it comes to risking money (in opposition to spending it or leaving it in tax-cuts) to need a bodenkicker myself, but if I'd had any semblance of any wit about me during that Super Bowl, I could have made a killing on the coin flip. I knew it was going to come up tails—Warren Beatty, Oakland's special-teams captain and flip caller, had told me. "This year I've hit it seven out of seven," he had said. "Three tails, a head, two tails, a

head. And Sunday it's going to be tails. I saw it during the week. It's like I almost cheat I see . . . like a coin flying. And it lands. And, just so big, it's tails. Sometimes I even argue with myself—it can't be. I have straight tails. But, sure, I have to go with my first instinct: I'll be taking a shower or something, and I'll just kind of see it."

It was tails. And I didn't bet it. I had to keep the information under my hat. What if I had gone around all week laying great sums of money on the coin flip and people had started to wonder, and the story of Beatty's visions—perhaps the key to Oakland's whole season—had slipped out? It would have been the worst of the worst. (The worst needed averting.) By then, of course, I would have been assured of independent wealth, but that's not what I'm after in sports-writing, primarily.

LET'S face it, Super Bowl for me, aside from the run-past-health (or so I believe) among members of the press, is a period more of reflection than of action. The unavailability of the event has been one backspace—its awkward position for a sportswriter. In '77, I began trying to examine myself in a new light after talking to Beatty, not because of his own prophecy but because of his self-concept. In attempting to explain how the Raiders were going to foil Minnesota's efforts to block their field goals, he drew a little circle with two dots in the middle of it.

"This is my body," he explained, "standing over my feet."

And there it was. Ever since then, I have been trying to firm up my own self-concept by drawing little pictures. This is my mind, standing off to one side of my mouth. This is my soul, standing in the need of something. This is my mission, standing under my misunderstanding.

It never works. It just looks like squiggles. That's what football has, that digressibility. If you're a player, or you have it until you get out, and then you bleed out into the world at large and can't hold on to football anymore—unless you can get into a big company that has tables of organization or flow charts, which don't take into account your body, much less your life.

As I write this, an eleven-day stretch of rain is ending in western Massachusetts, where I live, and a full moon has emerged. My life wife wants to take a walk and admire the moon, but I am dead set on trying to find the key to why nobody can find

the key to the Super Bowl. I watch on the Monday-night game. Pro football still enjoys far and away the biggest TV sports market. People get involved, in spite of themselves, in all that digressible bawling and growling. The Monday game, a thriller, begins to draw me in. I am ashamed of the extent to which I am drawn in and not drawn away by the moon. A pace runner goes up, keeps a defender away from the covering half, and seems it himself. "He knows," says Howard Cosell knowingly, "how to eat . . . his body."

And then, on the chase longue, in my body, strong level with my feet. Pete Gori, center and former center, in a somnolent mood once told me, "I always wanted to win the Super Bowl so I could take it and hold it and see what has beyond it. I think it may be the way."

Eric Hollen came once to provide on week-in-day carrying a huge paper bag. He weighed himself, then tore open the sack and pulled out a big wooden bowl full of chef's salad, which he ate. There is nothing spectacular about chef's salad, of course, although in this case, there was a lot of it. The memorable thing was the bowl. The bowl itself. The bowl and the bag the packaging.

MY wife hardly ever watches TV football. Watching TV football is defined by many wives in what you do to avoid going personal to-perceive with your wife. Before becoming the coach of the Beakshire School field hockey team a couple of years ago, my wife had never seen a field hockey game, nor even a field hockey myth. Soon she was cheating "Learn how to laugh" at her charges and hitting to play. One evening she headed for the door, saying, "I have to do that snappy thing."

I asked, "What snappy thing?"

"Behind the headmaster."

"What is the headmaster going to be doing?"

"Snagging Nicky Malone," she said. "High school must have changed. Oh, I wish I could purchase mine and go back to it and ride down its halls on a snappy and start over. On this Monday night, the purpose of the Super Bowl, begins to draw me in. It is to make an fool unfulfilled by pro football. These are things, the Super Bowl hero, even harder to cover than this I cry out, spring up, break away from the TV game so it is entering sixth death overture, and spring out to walk foot-foot foot with my wife in the dry, clearing night under the orbital moon. There are two dots in the middle of it. —

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An Old Three A.M. Story

BY JOHN J. CLAYTON

WHAT KIND OF MOTHER would drop in for Christmas with a fistful of joints and a grab bag of empty promises?

Six months now, he and the kids were without Jerry A year if you counted the time in the hospital—and just before the hospital, when Jerry looked herself in the bedroom and wouldn't come out. Now she was in New York, Peter was on his own with the kids in Cambridge. Having mornings to get them out of the apartment—dropping Tony, age two and a half, at day care, and Sara, age seven, at school. Then getting to work at the mall.

He worked as a carpenter. Even after college he'd been unable to think of anything he liked better than working with wood. He liked making things and seeing them whole. He hated the dust but liked ripping out walls in old houses and making new, open spaces, adding desks and sliders, stripping walls to bare brick, felt good building a house or a set of bunk beds. But these past few months he'd been working at a huge shopping mall, open space, adding desks and sliders, stripping walls to bare brick, felt good building a house or a set of bunk beds. But these past few months he'd been working at a huge shopping mall, open space, adding desks and sliders, stripping walls to bare brick, felt good building a house or a set of bunk beds. But these past few months he'd been working at a huge shopping mall, open space, adding desks and sliders, stripping walls to bare brick, felt good building a house or a set of bunk beds.

He spent that morning fraying and shooting a staircase, then ate lunch at the decorative fountain in the center of the mall and listened to talk about the lyrics—a "concerto" for real, with his students and theories and shaggy mountains full of snow. He wasn't thinking about the kids, unless they were sick, he rarely thought about them when he was on the job. But nevertheless, a painter dressed a small electric car into some three-stage scaffolding, and the whole frame of pipes crashed to the center. He was on the other side of the central square—not even nearly hurt—but two of the guys had, ten seconds before, come down off the scaffolding from taping the Sheetrock ceiling, and one was faint.

"You asshole! Twenty-four feet, you asshole, twenty-four feet, you coulda killed me, you coulda missed me!" The guy's voice echoed through the enormous space, echoed inside Peter's factory—himself! curled off to the hospital or maybe dead, and the kids, what would happen then? Who he'd even know where they were except for him? He realized, Jesus, he'd have to write a note with his buddy Frank's telephone number, then give Frank his parents' number in Indianapolis. Not Jerry's. For sure not Jerry's. And he'd have to tell somebody at work. But not at that moment, not so soon after the accident.

The rest of the afternoon, he was a little spooked. The safety guard on the circular saw — hammers falling off the scaffolding.

Then driving back to Cambridge, he listened to news of a jet crash. Suddenly, every other rush hour driver was a maniac or a drunk. In defense, he braced over the wheel.



"My poor Peter, you're so vulnerable," she said. At that moment, Peter bowed her. She had abandoned him, she had cut off her hair, and at any time, she could take his children away.

John J. Clayton, author of the novel *What Are Friends For?* teaches at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst.

As he then they in the bed, he said, "I'm not here, while he sat beside them reading the *Phrenea*, looking up at a mirror's reflection, rolling up his sleeves for "house serious scrubbing." While Tony yelled at protest and all Peter really wanted was to get them to bed so he himself could look in the tub.

The phone rang. Never able to let a call go unanswered, he dried his hands and trotted to the kitchen.

"Hello, Peter."

Sara's brother called her two, three months. He was full of reproaches but didn't hand her any. "What is it?"

"Thanks for being so understanding," Peter said. Peter missed her tear of voice. Well, it's almost Christmas. "What about it?"

"The kids are alone in the tub."

"Well, I got out, thinking of Sara and Tony on Christmas. You know. Can't you understand that? I want to talk with Sara."

"Well, she's in the bathtub." From the bathroom, Tony was yelling for Sara. "Listen, I've got to go off now. Call back if you want to talk to them."

Hanging up, he felt as if he'd looked back at his cousin the last time.

A few minutes later, she called again. "Peter—are they available now?"

"He called, 'Sara? I'm your mother.'"

"As if it were an everyday thing. But while he did the dishes, he kept an eye on Sara. As if she were climbing ropes, he watched for signs of danger or pain."

"Sara," Sara was saying. "Sara, Mommy Sara."

"What, Peter wondered, did Jenny need assistance about? His body heaved over the pots, Mad Dissembler of Cambridge, furious just as Sara had the nerve to ask Sara for their wedding."

"Do you want to speak to Daddy?"

"But Jenny didn't, because Sara told 'Good-bye, Mommy.' And hang up."

Peter didn't ask. He scrubbed. "Mommy said she wants to see us."

"She said that in October."

"She said it's Christmas and she has to see us."

"Who's stopping her?"

"Because the reason is..."

"She probably does." He stopped. She probably did. He had it say, compared. His usual line. Then—like hell the door. Nudging a ruminant into the same in missing people.

"It's almost Christmas."

"Well, maybe she'll come this time."

"She promised."

"Okay, okay."

"You aren't doing anything," Sara shouted down the hall, and started out, brushing past Tony, who started crying.

"Oh, hell, Oh, hell," Peter sucked a deep breath and started after Sara to comfort. Stopping. "Tony—how you want some hot chocolate?" He went to the cupboard for the cocoa powder. Maybe the small would get to Sara, would bring her back.

Jenny stepped down, delicate, uncertain, from the linen, and Peter wanted to protest—to take her someone, to take her away—the old story, finally whole again, Jenny home from a trip.

"Mama, hi, Mama," Tony said, a pretty soap, as if Mama had been away for the day, but then Sara ran to him as if it were a dance, and Jenny hugged Sara up into her arms and whirled her into an organ of reason, and the cooing of the guitar brought all back, and he set himself, then, against the shock of her. Then she was, milking the moment, letting the pain run down her face, defilements, eyes raw. Goodness if I'll let her as me. Peter and Tony in his shoulders and moved, because in one hand, she in the other, Jenny smiled, snatched over a creek in the pavement, shook her head at her own clumsiness, listening to Sara, adding maddly to Sara's story.

"Peter, hello. The man was late."

"Not very, you happy?"

"I wish I were. I'm getting so slim, I can't wait to worry about being fit."

"You've got your hair."

"Uh-huh. But you, Peter, now you've gained a little weight—around the shoulders. You look nice."

"It's just the winter coat," he said, not waiting to bring out the mistake into the kitchen to fix himself. He took her suitcase.

"That coat," she said, looking her into his as they walked up the stairs, two steps. "One of the things I've said about you is that you're a terrible alpine coat. I'm going to send you one. I meant. The head of their advertising department is crazy about me. Do you like it as a coat?"

He couldn't help blushing at her, and Sara pointed without knowing why, and Jenny blushed and hid her face in the collar of her coat. "You think I'm silly, I can tell."

Sunshine on the trunk of the VW, finally filling the sun.

"Your job is working out?" he asked.

"Oh, I have to teach to tell you," she said. "Everything is almost perfect. I feel I'm growing so much. I do."

Peter. And not just in the work. It's only not because I miss you so much, she said to Sara and Tony, and started in her seat to touch them both and giggle and cry. "It's so good to see you."

Then—"All of you."

She stepped down against her, Peter drove across the Charles, hating her like a poison in their lives, Jenny coming back to meet home in Sara. He remembered her sitting in the bathroom with her wrists out, drink, sufficed on downers, bleeding into the bath and weeping. He'd heard her sobbing, but she wouldn't open, and he heard her and had to search in the door, she smiled up at him like a guilty child and he should be could tell her, may in the kitchen for an hour, until the bath water turned from pink to red. Instead, he'd grabbed her—

"Where's Sara? Where's Sara and where's Tony?" she asked. Oh, my God, he knew, when she said, "With Mrs. Stanley," innocent. A child herself. Then she wept again, and, hating her, he had to push her out of the tub, wrap her in a blanket, all back, and he set himself, then, home to clean up the bathroom mess before he could collect the kids. "Your mother's sick," he'd told Sara.

That was the only day he'd tried. He'd been thinking about the afternoon she'd burned up all the napkins of herself from their album, leaving only pictures of the kids or sometimes torn pieces with only Sara left or Peter and Tony. Jenny ran away. He'd wanted to tell her the story, but he'd been laughing with her the loss of those pictures, the two of them crying and making love on the couch in the living room.

"You've got your hair, doing any therapy?" he asked, usually as he could, as he carried her suitcase up their staircase.

She was. Oh, yes. And it was very exciting, but by the time he was into the kitchen to fix himself, he'd forgotten—was it present or remembered confusion, something like that, a therapy that permitted her to pour herself out.

A light. Sara's laugh. Jenny's voice. He stopped eating vegetables. He poured himself into the quiet of her voice, imagining Jenny smiling, lying about their marriage. He washed Sara were old enough to understand. What she understood now was that her mother, who never was, was perfect. And if her perfect mother didn't want to see her, she, Sara, must be pretty worthless. Her mother—who had this wonderful special job in a pretty week Sara watched the quiet show Jenny helped produce and wonderful special life.

"Peter—where's all the records?"

He carried his scotch into the living

room. "What records, Jenny?" Peter knew. He remembered the satisfaction he'd felt being off his ugly rock again on Sunday morning. Espresso coffee that the ground herself. Peter dressed from their shirts, Sara. To be could say, "Who gives a damn? Jenny looks great on her." Since Jenny went away, he found himself looking in the windows of shops. Not knowing what to buy. So Sara were jeans. And she'd look great. That he missed the pretty dresses.

Jenny came back and tapped "Oh, Peter. I'll say one thing for you. You missed a fair lady."

"You threw them out, didn't you, Oh, Peter?"

He shrugged, not wanting to admit his profits like poked through the plastic card-board cases they used for record bins until she found Rubber Soul. Well, how could he be rid of The Beatles? She put it on—just that—and silence, her eyes as Paul McCartney sang "Michelle." Her curls, right around her head, made her look like a boy—Squash at Ithaca. She'd said the long. Howling, saying quality that had made her love. She was done. This new life, said to herself.

Later on, the children asleep, she talked about the reviews of New York. "I mean," she said, and started on the light to read. She herself going to the kitchen for something, and she was waiting for him, seeking up from the couch. He couldn't even leave his bedroom, imagined sitting up with his old there as a story.

He scratched the rice pot. Scratched it passionately.

"You been part of a woman's self-help group? I've opened up a lot of the anger I've been feeling. It feels awfully good to let it out. I feel I can talk straighter with you. I mean you're not someone with any power over my life. You're just a person."

Suddenly, hearing powerful, true words used to say more to him, he was like Jenny, he grew sad, he wanted to cry for her. Well, mostly for her "Power over my life" was a hand-me-down from a poem they both loved. Jenny was a hand-me-down from a book of beautiful poems. And he had been married to her. He still was.

"Make me a milk and honey, will you, Peter? I'm going to collect some of my poems." She took a cardboard box and the living room and moved in, steadily reassured with fear and poured herself another whiskey.

It was the kids, of course. Her power to take away that fancy thing—that was also the goldenmost plans. When she was with him, he could make fun of those plans, fun of the frills she

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WINTER

A MAN NEEDS WELL-DESIGNED CLOTHES FOR HIS WINTER SPORTS



THERMAL UNDERWEAR HAS LONG BEEN A STAPLE IN THE LOCKERS OF WINTER ATHLETES. WHO value warmth during their cold-weather workouts. Like ordinary underwear—the bikini brief, the V.D.'s, or boxer shorts that fill your drawers—thermal underwear today comes in all colors, sizes, fabrics, and prices. And, of course, everyone has a favorite kind. Some hardy mountaineers will tell you that silky wool thermals are the only ticket to keeping toasty on a chilly day, some of today's athletes won't go outside unless they're wrapped up in polypropylene, a synthetic fiber imported from Europe and touted as a "second skin" because it passes sweat from the body through its own spongy thickness into the outer layers of clothing.

As fuel prices skyrocket and thermosaks drop to all-time lows, thermal underwear is fast becoming a layer of clothing that is worn indoors almost as much as in the frigid outdoors. Men who once wore thermals only for mountain climbing are now relaxing at home in them as well.

What is the best thermal underwear on the market? Doris Tipling, president of the Ski Council of America, says that this is a matter of personal taste: "I think wulfram wools are probably the best choice but certainly not for people who have sensitive skin. They could be allergic to wool. And some nasalistic types find even synthetic too uncomfortable to wear right next to their skin. What is best depends on your body's own reaction."

MORE COLORFUL THERMALS ARE REALLY HOT NEWS THIS WINTER.

REPRODUCED TWO-LAYER THERMAL UNDERWEAR MADE WITH AN INNER LAYER OF COOTER FOR COMFORT AND ABSORBENCY, AN OUTER LAYER OF WOOL-CONTAINING BLEND FOR

WARMTH. GREAT ABOUT THE PANTS ABOUT THE JACKET BY LUTY HOFF. BATHING BY TERRY AND CO. BRANDY AND BROTHER BLADE BY T. J. JENNINGS AND LINGERIE BY FREDERICK JENNINGS. SKI THERMAL-CADETTE BROTHER.

WARM-UP

FASHION BY DAVID EPSTEIN / PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDREA BLANCH



Joe Court of Eastern Mountain Sports seconds that view. "Smart people are wearing only cotton," he points out. "What is ideal then is two layers—an inner layer of cotton and an outer layer of nylon and wool. Nylon adds durability and wool adds warmth."

The new second-skin synthetic fabrics on the market have both steepest supporters and detractors. Many athletes in the Winter Olympics next month will be wearing Darnay thermal underwear, which is made of a Vinyon and acrylic blend called Thermolactyl. "Thermolactyl keeps you warm because your skin stays dry. Wet skin chills faster," says Darnay's Kim Meyer. "Thermolactyl underwear must be worn directly on the skin if it is to pass all your perspiration

through to outer garments. No T-shirts or shirts should be worn under it."

Detractors point to the expense of the new synthetics (up to \$30 for some top-and-bottom sets) and the trouble of caring for them (they must be hand-washed and dried away from heat). "If you put these in a dryer, your entire large becomes extra small," says Fred Hunsicker of Domestic Fabrics, a North Carolina-based manufacturer of thermal fabrics. "I think the best buy today is a cotton-polyester thermal from someone like Mountainwear, Jockey, or Montgomery Ward. We make wool-nylon blends and polypropylene-cotton blends, but I still feel that cotton-polyester, which is the least expensive, gives you the best fit."

MEN ARE CHOOSING THERMALS FOR BOTH SPORT AND RELAXING.

LEFT: JAMAR THERMALACTYL THERMAL UNDERWEAR AND THERMAL UNDERWEAR. RIGHT: JAMAR THERMALACTYL THERMAL UNDERWEAR. SKI THERMAL-CADETTE BROTHER.

ABOUT THE PANTS, UNDER LIGHT THERMAL UNDERWEAR PANTS BY JAMAR THERMALACTYL. JAMAR THERMALACTYL THERMAL UNDERWEAR. SKI THERMAL-CADETTE BROTHER. SKI THERMAL-CADETTE BROTHER.

WINTER WARM-UP



WARM-UPS LIKE THE TRADITIONAL SWEAT SUITS ARE VITAL EQUIPMENT FOR AN AMATEUR or a professional athlete, especially during the winter. They allow you to develop muscular heat quickly and to retain it, which is critical for safe workouts, since using cold muscles can result in cramping or injury. Just as important is taking care to dress in warm-up layers that you can take off as you heat up and put on as you cool down. Otherwise, you'll become overheated, drenched and then shaking like a chattering sparrow. This is especially true for a person wearing a child-size suit under a 200-lb. man. A steady body heat is essential for good performance. A heavy body suit warms you up faster than 200 times as fast as that same body at room indoors.

When Levi Strauss designed warm-up suits for the 1960 Winter and Summer Olympics, it surveyed former Olympic

considered to find out their requirements for an athlete's wardrobe. "They consider their sweat is the most important piece of clothing at the competition because they spend so much time in them," says Ellen Dackow, a Levi Strauss product manager who headed research on the project. "They spend so many as twelve hours a day wearing them."

Most athletes, Olympic or otherwise, prefer cotton warm-ups with a fleecy lining and a baggy fit. According to Wessinger's Ray Corder, a fifty-fifty blend of cotton and acrylic is ideal for a basic warm-up or running suit. "The acrylic helps minimize shrinkage and gives you a soft, fleecy underside as well as extra warmth," he says. "The cotton gives you breathability and absorption."

Cotton's breathability means the water vapor that continually escapes from your skin will escape to the outer air in-

■ ANY ATHLETES PREFER THEIR SWEAT SUITS MADE OF COTTON.

TRADITIONAL CREW NOTE FOLLOWING SWEAT SUIT AND
BEARINGS SWEAT SUITS OF COTTON AND CLOTHES
SWEAT SUITS OF COTTON AND CLOTHES

JACKIE AT FLATTERY' B&B. NEW BALANCE TRAINING SHOULDER PWR POCKET
SPORT NOODLE JACKET AT WHITFIELD. INNOVATI BY LEO CLAYTON. AND
D&B CASUALTY TRENCH COATS. SPORTS EQUIPMENT CENTER OF MONTANA

WINTER WARM-UP



kind of conditioning on the kinds of your clothing. In power of absorption means that during extreme sweating in a heavy sweat the fabric will take up the moisture that would otherwise stay on your body.

"We are worn-ups that are mostly cotton," says Bill Hampton, equipment manager for the New York Jets. "We have a regular flannel-lined suit with pants and a top. They're nothing fancy, they're serviceable and they last."

Mike Saunders, trainer for the New York Knicks, says, "We use cotton sweats during practice. They're convenient because they wash easily. And they're comfortable."

Standard adds that baggy sweats, which don't constrain the wearer, are preferable. Full-cut sweats leave no space inside for insulation, won't chafe, and allow you to exercise hard without sweating so much as a sweat-soaked

fibers. They also prevent the impaired circulation that can occur when you wear binding clothing. "Aesthetically, baggy sweat suits don't look good," says Saunders. "That's the only reason we don't wear them on the court."

Gene Freeman may change that. Designer of Russo Sportswear, a division of Barry's All-American Sportswear, Freeman has created a line of tailored warm-ups in such nontraditional colors as purple, yellow, and rose red. Even if the Knicks aren't quick to don these stylish shades, Freeman is certain that others will be. "I want my clothes to work for the competitors as well as for the active sportsman," he says. Betty Louie, who is the manager of Levi's Olympic apparel project, agrees that sweats, now beginning to appear on dance floors as well as gym floors, have become a fashion statement.

FIXING THESE UNEXPECTED COLORS IS A BOLD NEW DIRECTION.

LEFT: CUSTOMER SERVICE EMPLOYEES WELCOMING VISITORS AND
 VISITORS WAITING FOR SERVICE AT THE SERVICE COUNTER. RIGHT:
 VISITORS WAITING FOR SERVICE AT THE SERVICE COUNTER.

AND GREAT SHORTS (11). THREE CLOTH DRESS PAIRS BY ANY BRAND
CONTAINING OR WITH ARTIFICIAL FIBERS, SOCKS BY SELECTED AND
POY LABEL AND CLOTHES BY JOE FLANNERY, SWEATERS BY HUGO

■ MILLIONS WILL SOON SEE THIS NEW SKI SUIT ON TELEVISION

MICHIGAN'S RAILROADS ARE THE MOST USED IN THE NATION, WITH OVER 60 MILLION PASSENGERS AND 170 MILLION TONS OF FREIGHT ANNUALLY.

The outdoor warm-up suit, a version of which will sell nationwide as a ski suit for the recreational skier, includes "overskiis sporting top-to-bottom side zippers that will enable an Olympian to warm up, then pull off his suit without having to remove his shoes, skates, or skis," according to designer Mary Ann Bessio. The lab overski's fabric is 100 percent Tactan (a type of nylon) with stretch Lycra spandex for a sleek fit. The textured surface gives the suit an antislip property (so that you're less likely to go glissading down the slope at forty miles per hour after taking an Olympic-sized spill).

THIS NEW SKI SUIT ON TELEVISION.

CHE GIVE COTTON POLYESTER TERTIARINE LARGO ETC. OLIMPIA PA
LAKE ROCK BY LEVIN LOCAL BUT BY QUALITY THINLY BARELY A LONG
BY CHOCOLATE CLAMNET AND BROWN. NEW THERMAL PANTS BY DUNN

One last bit of advice about keeping warm during winter workouts has nothing to do with what you put on your body but rather with what you put in it. Drink plenty of water, eat lots of food. Breathing dry air in cold weather dehydrates your body at a staggering rate. At least two quarts of water a day will fix that. And a hearty diet will reinforce your body's ability to produce heat during exercise and will keep your inner fire burning in the coldest winter. ❧

FROM DUST TO DUST

BY STEPHEN N. ROSENBERG

With a mad doctor at work, the cure isn't worse than the disease. It is the disease.

A case history

Dr. Kurt came into my office with a stack of bills. "Look like we've got another crazy G.P. here," he said, dropping them on my desk.

"The last one was a gynecologist, not a G.P.," I corrected him. "And he wasn't really crazy. Just not unusually curious." I picked up the top bill. "What's this one about?"

"Doris?" I don't know what her's doing. But look at what he's writing." Kurt pointed to the area around the patient's diagnosis and read the entry aloud. "Walled in her flow out. Punched in my apple tree" but the shock his head, accumulation. "The man's a general practitioner, but he seems to be treating birds. Look at this one about a wheeler. Another one here—the patient went to a bird. The doctor has 'three fresh eggs' listed as his fee."

It would have been funny if it hadn't been real. The year was 1971, and the bills in question were for the treatment of patients in Medicaid, the federal-state program for financing health care for the poor. For a year, I had been director of quality assurance on the program.

Since late 1967, the New York City Department of Health had been examin-

ing the quality of care provided under Medicaid in the city. One of our major assessment tools was the review of randomly selected billing forms. The diagrams, notes, and treatment procedures based on the bills provided us with a rough estimate of each professional's pattern of practice.

My friend Howard Katz had been one of our reviewing physicians for two years. At this point, it was hardly a surprise to either of us that there were a number of highly unusual physicians among the ones throughout the city. We had examined several such cases, but the specialty of a doctor I'll call Albert Underwood, of Brooklyn, was by a standard even among that peculiar lot.

Dr. Underwood's were the bills that by before me, first looking at them in contrast to Katz's aptly named "Look" he yelled: "All the July bills have something weird on them. Patients flying out windows. Code numbers and letters. And then?" He jabbed a finger at the space where the doctor is supposed to sign the bottom of the form. "Every one of them has it." He flipped through the stack. "No numbers—just the stamp. Always in red." And always, next and below, apparently pressed on with great care with a rubber stamp. It was a single phrase, all in tiny letters except for one huge word: "Pay this bill immediately: Yes, I know who I am."

"I looked at Katz questioningly. "I stopped him before the winter," he continued. "They seem okay. Nothing particularly strange. Then in April, he starts putting these letters and number in the margin. By June, he's making strange statements. Then the stamp in July. It looks like a sudden psychotic breakdown. Maybe it's happened before, maybe it's cyclical. Could be he's a manic-depressive. I should go way back in the records, but it's hard to believe we could have missed someone like this. Meanwhile, we better do something right away."

It was my task to connect Dr. Underwood with the state, and with good cause. My disconcerted assistant came across the telephone wires to a specialist on an excuse for my call. "You seem to have some problem going just on time," I said. "Maybe I can help you." Reluctantly he accepted my invitation to come into the office.

It was early morning that Dr. Underwood actually showed up two days later, nervous and jittery and on the last responsible overcoat that would have been remarkable were we not in the midst of an August heat wave. "May I take your coat?" I offered.

"Take my coat?" he said indignantly, holding it out and not taking any money for this coat. "He sat down

with it on and kept it on throughout the interview."

Dr. Underwood was a man in his late thirties, rather disheveled looking. If you ignored the coat, he was no exception on his face, like a New Yorker on a long subway ride. His face remained blank as I introduced myself, Dr. Katz, and a psychiatrist on our staff.

We went over some routine matters, asking into the interview. Then the psychiatrist took over to lead the conversation into the area of Dr. Underwood's bills. He said his impressional tone—slightly friendly and only slightly more expressive than Underwood's. "On every bill," he began, "you say, 'You know who I am.' Perhaps you could tell us a little about that?"

And Dr. Underwood did, without hesitations and still without expression. "My dead father came to me in the night and kissed me on the forehead. 'Then said the Messiah,' he told me. 'Then must fight Satan in his medical practice.'"

Endlessly more of less bills than Dr. Underwood, we were unable to get the whole picture from that lot of information. At our request, Dr. Underwood explained how he fought Satan in his medical practice.

"From that time on, and into that time goes," he said, with the slightest note of surprise. "Surely you know that Satan is fire. That can scorch his feet. Does he burn, does it?"

A touch of pride seemed to have crept into his voice. He sat a bit straighter in his overstuffed chair. "I see that," he said, and the psychiatrist, though of course he didn't. "And how do you do it?"

"Indiscreetly. I expect it. In the night men for Christmas, in the left for Jews."

I couldn't contain my curiosity any longer. "What about?" I blurted out. "When do you get it? Do you make it?"

The distinguished profile turned toward me. "I have to make it. Otherwise, how do I know for sure where it's from?" I said. "Maybe I can help you." Reluctantly he accepted my invitation to come into the office.

The date he explained, most came from the hottest part of the hottest house of worship. On this point, Dr. Underwood was extremely fundamental. It was his mission to rid the world of the various types of that—that he had collected from the perfect places in Brooklyn's churches and synagogues: from the tops of Torah scrolls and the upper portions of crucifixes and stained glass windows. He had collected from the tops of Catholic confessional booths and Jew-



The doctor injected what he'd taken from the tops of Torahs and crucifixes.

ish ark. "But," he assured us, "never from the floor."

"Excuse me, how do you prepare this stuff for injection?" the psychiatrist prompted. Dr. Underwood didn't respond. "What kind of water do you use?" The general practitioner reassured him.

I thought changing the subject might help. "I noticed something else on your billing forms. Maybe you could tell us how the holy dust—well, what it is to do with the very lot of your patients used to act like birds?"

Apparently this last question offended our guest, for suddenly he rose, turned, and departed. Neither I, Dr. Katz, nor our board-certified psychiatrist could say him or obtain another word.

Needless to say, we were concerned. The threat of us spent the rest of the day making a series of telephone calls, hoping that we could somehow help Underwood's continuing attempts to practice his own bizarre interpretation

of the Hippocratic oath.

We finally reached his son. Highly incensed by any intimation of moral blame, he wouldn't even discuss a voluntary cessation of his father's medical practice.

The response to a call to the division of professional conduct of the state education department was a request for a written report and copies of the Medicaid bills we had reviewed. We sat down to Albany by messenger the following day and got our response within a week. A hearing was scheduled for the first available slot on the calendar—which turned out to be three months away.

When I called the education department, a very polite official listened politely to my protest and then explained that it had been "decided" since a physician's license had been suspended on psychiatric grounds. He doubted that a formal hearing—in one month or shorter—would result in a suspension.

The president of the Kings County medical society implored a written complaint, which we sent immediately but doubted would be of assistance.

When three weeks had passed since our interview with Dr. Underwood and repeated telephone calls to Albany gave us no hope of rapid action, we decided to do what we could on our own. I wrote a letter to Dr. Underwood, with a copy to his son, stating that we were concerned about the safety of his patients. We felt compelled to suspend his participation in the Medicaid program until such time as we were assured by a psychiatrist of his choice, that his practice of medicine represented no threat to the lives of his patients. Until such time, no bills received from him would be processed for payment.

This action seemed to us rather arbitrary. We had not even sure we had a clear right to take it. We were sure, on the other hand, that we had no choice. More humane and formal avenues of action didn't appear to work quickly enough—if at all.

Dr. Underwood submitted no more bills, and he never replied to our letter. When we called the G.P.'s son a few weeks later, the same angry demand of having his father into premature retirement, later Medicaid had represented his main source of professional income.

Nothing was heard of Dr. Underwood until six months later, when a check envelope arrived at my office. A stack of referral slips indicated that before it reached me, the letter had been to the central office of the New York City Department of Health, where that, in the New York State Department of Social Services and before that, to the U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. It had begun its journey at the White House, having originally been addressed to the President of the United States.

The letter was written by a lady in Brooklyn. "Dear President Nixon," she began. "My doctor is being persecuted and abused. He is being called 'he-called doctor' in the city department of health were trying to force his general practitioner, Albert Underwood, M.D., out of business. 'Probably because they are jealous of his fine reputation.'"

Had this patient no idea of her physician's delusional philosophy of medicine? Arounded, I turned the page. "My President," the letter continued. "To me, a God-fearing man, and I'm sure you know your Bible. If not, you can ask your friend and advisor, Billy Graham. From that we can see, and to that we return. Dr. Underwood knew this. And there it is no one who will give me my dirt shoes." 41

Stephen N. Rosenberg, M.D., is an assistant professor of public health at the Columbia University medical school.

PREVAILING IMAGES

CULLED FROM ARCHIVES, attics, and bureau drawers, these photographs of black Americans tell of hope and survival



W.E.B. DuBois in *Crisis* magazine office, 1906.

The history of black people is not only of slaughter and abuse, it is also one more example of man's un-ceding refusal to accept the debasement of himself.

The pictures on these pages are here partly because one man refused to accept what he saw as descriptive or stereotyped images of black people in movies and on television. Chester Higgins Jr., a photographer and writer, decided to seek out the real history of his people—to dig down, as it were, to the roots of black experience through the medium of photography. The result is a forthcoming book of about 161 photographs of black Americans taken between 1830 and 1930, written by Higgins and Orla Coombe.

Higgins began his search in 1973 at Alabama's Tuskegee Institute with the help of a former teacher, the photographer Porcarius Herman Folk. Folk, who is now eighty-one, took pictures of the rural South for more than fifty years. He told Higgins of other black photographers, and Higgins was off on a trail that constantly took him all over the country, to museums, libraries, universities, and municipal archives, and into many private homes.

After four years of intensive research, Higgins had amassed some 4,000 images and evidence of thirty black professional photographers known to have worked before 1930. The earliest on record—one Jakes Lion of Louisiana—advertised in *The New Orleans Bee* on March 14, 1840, only a year after the daguerstyping process was invented. Another, R. P. Bell, was exposed in photography by the early 1850s. His wife in Cincinnati—Bell's Daguerrean Gallery of the West—employed nine artists and

was housed in two elegantly fitted rooms. Perhaps the most famous of the historical photographers was James VanDerzee, who succeeded life in what has been called the Harlem Renaissance of the Twenties and Thirties.

Higgins's search had high points of discovery, but it also had its disappointments. On the seek of William H. Donald, the only photographer for a three-county area of Alabama from 1840 to 1940, Higgins found that all of Donald's negatives had been destroyed after his death by a daughter who thought they were just junk. Many pictures by another southern photographer, C. M. Bailey, were also lost to history after his death. Tenants in his house used the crate in which his negatives were stored as a kitchen table, and the resulting seepage of food and drink ruined the glass plates and plastic negatives.

Despite such setbacks, Higgins's search proved an extraordinarily fruitful effort. Not only is the book the beginning of the analytic treatment of black photography, it is, in Higgins's words, "an assortment of strong statements." Adding as much to that, Orla Coombe says the subjects of *Some Time Ago* are, "in the main, simple people who will never make the history books, but their lives ineffable, again, the ability of black people to prevail."

The captions captions and the photographs are excerpted from *Some Time Ago* by Chester Higgins Jr. and Orla Coombe, to be published in April by Anchor Press/Doubleday.



New York street scene, 1946.

When they heard no euphony in the New World's music, how could they, so insouciant, fashion their own until it now defines the New World's sound?



Ger's Road, Alabama, 1945, by Arthur Ruckman

We will never know. We only wonder how far so long we shut our eyes against the achievements of some of the most tenacious survivors in the world.



Soldier at San Juan 1905, 1906

They fought wars, and no scribe would write of their valor and no balladeer would sing of their courage. But their faces kept appearing in combat picturals.



Sick grandchild, 1905, by Leigh Richmond Miner

Through all these generations when hope hung suspended and complex like an awful spider web, they refused to allow themselves the luxury of self-pity.



A full-service beauty parlor, ca. 1940s

The women have moved great mountains, and yet many cannot understand their own strength. And some still doubt the beauty that walks within them.



Auto jams, Jackson, Mississippi, 1929, by Marvin Fox Wilson

Even in Mississippi, they always thought tomorrow would come. One of them said, "I always knew that if I didn't stumble, I could make myself win."



Sunday afternoon, Union, Georgia, 1941, by Jack Delano

An ex-slave once said to me, "There were times when you needed a strong heart to see the sunshine in this country, but I knew that the sun was there."



Rose in a vintage studio, 1906

The obstacles were always fixed in the lives of black Americans. And so it was not only what they accomplished but how many harder they crossed. —

Allan Carr

Moment to moment with "the Bianca Jagger of producers"

First because staged in the age of about one and a half I mean, I've been that way for as long as I can remember—from my very first Betty Grable movie. And, of course, that's very beginning I know I wanted to be a producer. Other jobs where I was growing up—control Chicago—wanted to be Dick Tracy or someone. No, I wanted to be Arthur Penn or Mel Seidman. People wanted to look me up in an audition.

Well, God knows why because of those other jobs, but I am a producer and a damn good one too. As a matter of fact, I am one of the very few creative ones left. Most producers today are no more than deal makers. They don't bring any vision to their projects. The dictators today are the directors. I'm a throwback to the great old Hollywood producers. My movies are Allan Carr productions. I take responsibility for the details—clothes, hair, makeup, locations, the look and feel of the film are mine.

Take the picture I'm working on now, *Can't Stop the Music*. It is totally my vision, my fantasy. I came up with the plot one evening in 1978—it's about a famous model, let's say Lauren Hutton, only with a personality—during the taping of a Village People concert. I thought they were fabulous, so afterward, during dinner with the group and their managers, I offered to costar. "To my new movie stars, the Village People!" And everyone went "It's-in-to-be-in"—but here we are a year later, shooting the picture, just the way I envisioned it.

Naturally, a lot of people in Hollywood, the ones who trade in mediocrity, think I'm crazy. You see, according to formula logic, everyone involved in that movie shouldn't be doing it. The Village People shouldn't be singing. Bruce Jenner, who's also in it, shouldn't be pretending to be Robert Redford. Nancy Walker, Rhonda's mother, the Beauty lady, certainly shouldn't be directing a \$16 million musical. Then, too, I've got a pregnant photographer. And neither one of my stars, Steve Gutterberg, wants to be a dental student. Well, I don't give



"Every day brings a mountain of details, most of which are mundane."

a damn what those people think. At some point in your life you've just got to realize you're good and trust your instincts. In fact, I have precisely when I reached that point. It was when we were making *Gimme One Day*. I looked at the rushes and said, "My God, it's my fantasy up there on the screen, done at exactly the time and place I'd envisioned it." It was high school, not the way it really was—no nudity, high school was terrible—but the way we all wish it had been, where the only things that mattered were whether or not you'd got the right date for the prom or got to go to the one. And I'd made it work.

I don't mean to come on like an egomaniac, I really don't. But I'm proud of what I've done. And I like

where it's gotten me. You'd just be astounded at how differently people treat you when they know you have more than \$50 million.

But I've worked damn hard to get here. I mean, when I'm working on a picture, I get up at six o'clock just to look out the window and check the weather. And a couple of hours after that, I have to be on the set. My only excuse every morning are those moments when I sit on the toilet, reading my mail and *The Hollywood Reporter*. It's not attractive, but it happens to be my favorite morning activity.

Every day brings a whole new mountain of details, most of which are pretty mundane. I keep two secretaries with me and read a lot of instructions each morning. Today's agenda was

typical. Arrange for buses to Gilda Radner's show and find out if Gilda wants to eat at Wally's or Elaine's or eat at all. Valerie Perrine's birthday is coming up, so call Gilda and Art and have a reproduction of her face made in a cake, and my boys gotta be prepared, have my collar states stretched, 'cause I can't get my feet in shoes, tell Radner I feel terrible, but I can't stay in town for Liza's opening. That kind of stuff.

When I get to the set, I meet with my people and see if there are any problems, then maybe stop by the rehearsal hall, and, of course, at some point I'll sneak a look at the dailies. Then, too, every day, without fail, there are meetings—with lawyers, with collaboration on new projects, with merchandising people, with the press. And in between, I've got to try to answer all the calls that have come in during the day. Some days it's pretty aggravating, getting through all the bullshit.

Readers of the soundal press know all about my evenings: champagne party, social gadfly par excellence. I have become known as the Bianca Jagger of producers.

But Carr's really more to it than that. You see, my business and my social life are the same thing. I met Olivia Newton-John at a party at Helen Reddy's house. And the Village People at that house. I make a point of not staying home. I go to rock concerts, to films, to the theater. I go, I look, I meet people. It's called being alive, which is something a lot of people in this business happen not to know about.

You've undoubtedly noticed I haven't yet mentioned food. I'm trying to keep my mind off the stuff I am eating. I am, as the world knows, always dining. About a year ago, I recently had my new word said so I wouldn't be able to eat solids. Before I had it done, they kept saying it wouldn't hurt and it wasn't uncomfortable. Well, it did hurt and it was very uncomfortable. And, talk about discomfort, I had to carry a little less water with me, so one I got sick and had to open my mouth.

As it turned out, I didn't mind not eating. What I couldn't stand was that I couldn't talk! I'd get nervous and excited and start pulling into the phone, and so one would understand a god-damn thing I said.

I only lasted about a week—until one Saturday when I went to the Chatterbox Diner in Hollywood to see *The Wiz*. I heard it so much that halfway through it, I went to the men's room, took out my pheromone oil, sprayed, snuggled, fantasized, rolled, and hot dog. I'd had all the aggression I was going to take for one day. —



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Dining Out

by Suzanne O'Malley

Vintage Vino by the Glass

The wine bar phenomenon comes to New York City

There is a category of restaurant in London called the wine bar. Patrons spend busy hours in such places over vintage wine and champagne by the glass. The menus are almost always light: country plain, breads, cheeses, quiches, salads. There are, in fact, so many wine bars in London that it is not a trend, it is a phenomenon. And the phenomenon has hit New York City.

Within the last nine months, three new wine bars have opened in the East: Sotheby's Wine Bar Ltd., The Wine Press, and the Sticky Clare's. A fourth, The Wine Bar, at 422 West Broadway, in SoHo, is nearly a year and a half old.

The Wine Bar features twenty or so wines by the glass (ranging in price from \$1.25 to \$4.50) and a charmingly-styled kitchen that serves marvelous cold chicken terrines (\$8.95), medallions of cold smoked chicken breast with watercress or Greek salad (\$8.95), Black Forest ham and asparagus (\$8.95), smoked fillet of beef and salad (\$9), apricot and sausage, pork or veal with two cheeses (\$8.75). The platter of fruit with two cheeses (\$8.75) is generous enough for an entire meal. The desserts are delicious, and the service is delightful, if somewhat too prompt. At one late dinner, the waitress carried off a glass of Beaujolais before it was finished.

Physically, The Wine Bar has the character of many of its SoHo neighbors. It is a spacious, with high ceilings, hardwood floors, and brick walls. The ceiling is painted black and a hang with oversize floodlight-style lamps that produce golden circles of light. The Wine Bar operates on a cash-only basis, while the three newer wine bars accept credit cards.

Aiming the newer wine bars, my favorite is Wine Bar Ltd., at 201 East

Suzanne O'Malley is a writer and an editor who regularly reviews restaurants for Esquire magazine.



The scene at The Wine Bar, in SoHo.

Sixty-fourth Street. The low-key atmosphere, very much like that of The Wine Bar, is remarkable in view of the restaurant's location in the high-cost East Side.

Wine Bar Ltd. offers about thirty wines by the glass (from \$1.50 to \$3.25) and a large selection of modestly priced wines by the bottle. The food is reasonably priced and good. Offerings include fish in watercress, oysters, quiches, salads, country platters, duck legs. For brunch, try Eggs Benedict (\$3.95) or the remarkable halibut-tomato French toast with maple liqueur (\$5.95).

The restaurant is small and spare. An antique curtain hangs from the end brick wall, and lace curtains cover the windows to the street. The minimalist old charm is lovely.

New York solo personality Sally Jessy Raphael, the Wine Bar, at 1160 First Avenue, is a wine bar in the style of a French country inn, but it suffers from terminal cynicism. Helen Gurley Brown herself might have decorated it. The Lustre Ashby tablecloths and the antique love seats and chairs work together, but the poetic graffiti painted on the walls and ceilings are overbearing. There is even poetry in the ladies' rest room: "Men and wine are mistakes." In the men's rest room, I understood that the last made "Women and wine are mistakes."

Sally Jessy Raphael believes wine is

an investment, she has a similar one in the 223 varieties of wine in The Wine Press's cellar. Generally, twenty wines and champagnes are available by the glass. The menu is heavier than at The Wine Bar or Wine Bar Ltd.: chicken to gratin au vin (\$8.95), prime sirloin steak (\$14.95), chicken breast dolce-pronto (\$8.95), and other dinner selections in addition to the typical wine bar fare. And the service here is terrific.

I've saved the bad news for last: Clare's, at 15 East 57th Street. This restaurant, which has already captured a chic clientele, is antithetical to the notion of wine bars. It is noisy and high-pressure. The service is perfunctory, snappy, and often downright unpleasant. One weekend when Clare's has to be very short. At one meal, I was offered "the simple du jour of the day." When my waitress later arrived in a mood other than the one I had requested, it was explained to the kitchen, where the sauce was scraped off and the other wine substituted.

There is one good thing about Clare's: its decor. The warm pink-and-ivory walls, marble floors, brass railings, and etched-glass tablecloths are all designed by SoHo artist Stan Finkler. Clare's is many antitheses that a simple wine bar, with interesting and moderately priced French and European wine, would never be.

I found Clare's daily wine selection listed on a blackboard under the heading "The harvest started in Margaret on Tuesday, October 2nd. Goodbye, Clare's!" I asked the bartender what the state of the harvest on October 2 conceivably had to do with the wine listed on the blackboard today. "Nothing," he said. ☐

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Outdoors

by Geoffrey Norman

The Fishing Bolshevik

Angling isn't the opiate of the masses, but people do get hooked

In February, when it gets so cold that the muscans in your nose freeze and every breath is a walk to your lungs, I am going north with the Fishing Bolshevik. He has already invited me, and I'm not going to let him get out of it. We'll catch bass in the Everglades and fly over to Yakutat for some bonefish. We will eat fresh seafood and enjoy the leading rate and fly regularly not to talk politics.

It will be hard on Pete, whom I began calling the Fishing Bolshevik the day he told me that his grandfather had taken part in the Revolution. The old man knew Trotsky and had provided him with vodka. Pete kept the family tradition alive by joining a marine chapter of SDS when he was at Princeton and says he fondly remembers the ship as a result. He did his duty to the proletariat by driving a taxi in New York. It is the sort of job where a rat feels like communism, even you. If you didn't believe that the masses were oppressed—and therefore not to blame for their condition—then, on the basis of your passengers, you'd think they were scum. Pete kept the faith even though he quit the job after a few months and went to work in an office. For a magazine, of course, which is how we met.

I would be proud to claim that I introduced Pete to fishing. It might really be an otherwise suspect life. But Pete was already hooked when we first met over drinks and ran runs in a Japanese place. Pete's idea of fishing on those days was to lay a space on one of these "head boats" that go out of

Geoffrey Norman is a contributing editor of *Esquire* magazine.



Shoreland Bay. He would go out with a few dozen fishermen, streamers, retired postal workers, and other blue-collar types too mysterious to pigeon-hole. For a day's fishing that consisted of standing at the end and cranking in bluefish or fluke over the captain had anchored over a school. Half the people on board got snooked, and half of the rest drank too much and got rowdy. The host stink of seawater, blood, urine, and vomit. Lines were frequently tangled, and there were many arguments and a few fistfights. Everybody had a wonderful time.

At about the time Pete and I met, there was a story in the *New York Post* about a "muskrat" on one of these boats. (One of the shameful plottings of New York is reading the *Post*, as correctly trashy newspaper.) Twenty

or thirty fishermen revolved when the captain of a boat attempted to bang in the anchor and head for home. The boat was over fish, and the customers were full of beer and not quite ready to return to their familiar world. So they chased the captain into the wheelhouse. He barricaded himself in and called the Coast Guard. He was still there and the much was said in control when the cutter arrived and escorted him safely to port.

"You see what can happen," I said.

"Nothing to worry about," Pete said. "In that kind of situation, the best thing is to ride the current when it's too strong to swim. Pretty soon your feet will touch bottom. I got robbed twice when I was diving a cat. No big deal. I would probably have missed the meeting. I'd love to have seen that captain's face."

"You ought to try some real fishing," I said. "Up in Alaska, people get paid for doing the kind of fishing you're doing. Only a New Yorker or a Communist would sell a fish."

"You have in mind something antitoxic and decadent, like fly-fishing?"

"Exactly."

"Who can afford it?"

"I can. And I've got enough extra bucks to fix you up. You'll have to pay the appropriate state duty for a license. But I won't tell anyone."

He ordered more raw fish, which reminded him of Yukio Mishima, whose novels he thought badly flawed by class envy and something he called "Grandfatherism." I didn't get it, but I liked listening. We agreed to go fishing that weekend.

Illustration by Peter Blika

WHAT TO DO IN THE SKI SHOP: ADVICE FROM AN OLYMPIC COACH

Cert Hammond, executive director of the United States Ski Coaches Association, warns you around with the Olympic alpine team. We asked him for some tips on picking a pair of skis once you've decided on the model that's right for you.

Look for any obvious defects: Check the tip for cracks in the surface and concave flaws; check the bottom to see that the base is even, with no gouges; determine that the edges are smooth (to do this, just hold the ski up to the light, as if you were sighting down a rifle barrel).

Check the flex like resistance to lengthwise bending: Stand the ski on the floor with one hand on the top, with the other hand, bend the middle to establish that the flex is even. And make sure both skis are the same.

Look for warpage: Is the ski twisted along its axis? Lay the ski on a flat surface (many shops have a "true bar" for this purpose); the entire base should come in contact with the surface when you push down on the middle of the ski. If it does on both skis, you probably have a good pair.

Our last suggestion from the coach: Have the skis mounted and the bases prepared by a good ski shop. Just as a car needs tuning before taking to the road, skis need preparation before confronting the mountain. It will make all the difference in the way you ski. As will meticulous maintenance. If you don't keep your bases waxed and the grooves filed in or if the edges wear, performance will deteriorate.



K2 358 (\$340): Not everyone belongs on a racing ski, but short skis are too slow for many. The new K2 355 is a full-length answer with a light and quick flex. It's better on soft snow than hard. The soft tip and tail mean the ski can be handled more easily—both on moguls and in soft or sticky snow—than can the stiffer ski.

Knuvel White Star Super (\$285): Tary graph lines interest us as the top of Knuvel's White Star Super, revealing a lot of the amazing computer technology behind this computer's ski. The Super is built with ribbons of prepreg for lightweight and flexibility. Not far from reality, it's very fast and stable, a smooth carver on ice.

Head LR 90 (\$225): Head's new giant slalom ski, the LR 90 ("LR" for long radius), has been designed with very narrow metal edges—actually about half the width of conventional edges. Taking the metal out is said to make the ski more responsive and quicker—fired by flexions of a second. Less metal on snow means less drag.

Ethics

by Harry Stein

The Rape of the Lock

How far can you indulge yourself and live with the consequences?

Some people years for beach houses in Aspen or Malibu. Some had after Maserati or Porsche or '58 Corvette. Mr. Fin, dying in his hands on a look of fear from the hand of Andrew Jackson.

I have had the extremely curious position for some years now, ever since the best at a peak dinner party I attended showed me the Jackson lock. Oh, this guy had steps of other people's hair in his collection also—Tudor Roosevelt's and Marilyn Monroe's come immediately to mind—but it was Andrew Jackson's hair that most intrigued me. I've always been a Jackson buff myself, ever since he cut such a dashing every figure in the Davy Crockett arena, and, less before me, at the very least, was an actual little piece of hair.

And then, years later, I had a chance to get one of my own. There it was, listed on page 24 of the catalog issued by Charles Hammond Collection, the auction house. ("133 (JACKSON, ANDREW) Copied lock of Jackson's white hair, head under glass in a handsome old gilt locket of the period... The locket is quite ornate, engraved with a floral wreath design. Fine.")

Now I wanted that thing so badly I could cry, could already feel it in my hand, could already imagine my casual query of new acquisitions: "Guess what I got in my pocket?"

But, of course, there was the issue of money. On the basis of my observation of other Hamilton auctions, I assumed that it would probably go for several hundred dollars—not a staggering sum but, alas, more than enough to wipe out my current bank balance.

Still, that locket haunted me. How many pages of copy would I have to

Harry Stein is a contributing editor of *Esquire* magazine.



write for such a reason, I wondered, to buy that hair? And, more realistically, how many sympathetic friends could I tap to buy a story by Craig Claiborne describing a thirty-second, five-minute French dinner he and Ferris Freney had consumed that had cost \$4,000. "How can anyone," demanded one into lunch, "might have served as a manifesto for the entire group?"

He shook his head. "Christ, a few hundred bucks is a lot of money. I can cut for two months on that. As far as I'm concerned, it's just because I throw away money on any item."

"Listen," he said, "every time the guy got his hair cut, he probably left thousands of dollars' worth of hair just lying there on the floor."

"I wish I'd been around."

Garry's attitude was echoed by a number of other friends. They were amazed, most of them, by the notion

that I coveted Old Hickory's hair, what baffled, even appalled, them was what I was willing to pay for it. All the clubs about conspicuous consumption swirled up about me like newspaper pages in a windstorm. Possessions, I was solemnly reminded, do not bring happiness; a penny saved is still a penny earned. "What kind of role model," asked someone only half facetiously, "is Zsa Zsa Gabor?"

This was a loose curve to understand, a moral issue for these people. They, like me, had been raised on the logic that since kid in China would feed over if we didn't think our lunch chop, and some little bit of this had never left them.

One of my friends had actually participated in the greatest uprising against self-indulgence in memory, having been among the 500 or so people to write an angry letter to *The New York Times* following the appearance in that august publication of a story by Craig Claiborne describing a thirty-second, five-minute French dinner he and Ferris Freney had consumed that had cost \$4,000. "How can anyone," demanded one into lunch, "might have served as a manifesto for the entire group?"

I struck me at the time that there was enough hair all blown off during this controversy to last New York City for a month. But I suspect all those people, self-serious as they were, did have a kind of fear—as my friends have of it as now. One has trouble remembering to a society like ours, a society whose someone like Ramsey Clark is as easily described as last week's newsworthy and someone like Rod Stewart is ignored, that the consumption about self-indulgence, like almost all consumptions, are essentially void.

Most people think heart disease happens only in the elderly.



It happens in children as well. Things like rheumatic heart disease and congenital heart defects. Each year nearly one million Americans of all ages die of heart disease and stroke. And 25,000 of them die from childhood heart disease.

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There was a time, of course, long before the coming of the Ragga bar, when people knew that without being reminded it wasn't odd how new and, worse, pompous and... worse still, vaguely reactionary, but abstract quality like self-control and discipline were once seen as marks of character. People got along reasonably well without Reminders or Glad's shows or meals accompanied by very old bottles of Chateau Latour. Indeed, a case can be made that in some ways people got along better.

But I fear that this is starting to sound more than just vaguely reactionary. There are, to be sure, also plausible arguments in favor of rampant self-indulgence, snobbery, to be precise, two things. In many cases it is economically diverting, at least in the short run. The Playboy Mansion West has been called many things, but "boring" is seldom one of them. And so-called "decadent" bars, suppose this, in fact, is the reply that an obviously troubled Craig Claiborne made to his legion of scribbling detractors. "If the meal had not occurred, would one mean mouth have been fed, one more body been nourished?"

That sounded pretty good to me, so I picked up the theme for my own private war. "What's it going to be?" I asked. "If I spend a couple of hundred dollars on that lack of lust? It's not as if the alternative is to spend the money securing the best people. Do you give your money to the best people?"

It's extraordinary how quickly most people shut up when confronted with a reasonable economic line like that. Only one of mine, an Englishwoman named Steven Williams, offered a reminder.

"Why," demanded Sheridan, "are Americans so dense, then? No one is suggesting that people take a view of poverty and rebekah all your worldly goods. The point is to know without oneself what is important and valuable. Your outlayings to spend to much for twenty or thirty strands of hair demonstrate—how shall I put it—a decidedly doubtful nature. As for the situation of the best people..."

"The plight of the best people," I cut her off irritably. "That's what those of you with your priorities in order call it."

"And a decidedly cynical nature, as well," she added. "Tell us, do you own a videocassette recorder?"

"Certainly." "It is my theory that only cynos must be things like that." And in a strange way, she may have had a point. In a world where noble values and soaring aspirations were the norm, a world where "cynicism" would be a pejorative term instead of an intriguing description, as

such a world the Benaras people would probably be in big trouble. So, for that matter, would others of our kind. For when a finally comes down to it, it is terribly simple. Most of us have in our hearts a desire to be different, to be plastic for diversion because we achieve only limited nourishment from other people and, by extension, from commitment to larger issues.

That is not an original concept—not is it pleasant to find oneself on the same side of the materialism question as Billy Graham and Chuck Cohen, get to mention every Hans Kinsbra thought running around loose in the streets—but its essential accuracy seems beyond question.

And yet, and yet, for those of us who've grown up with The Three Little Pigs and with fine Captain Midnight Flight Commander Signet Ring, courtesy of Ovide, any other way is almost certainly unattractive, though we might acknowledge that we are somewhat for feeling in we do, material at last has acted prominently into our hearts. The most we can hope for is to cut our losses, to keep things in some perspective, to be preoccupied, if we must, with the thought of seeing that country house but not obsessed with it, and, above all, not to let the last show.

I finally decided, after much deliberation, that I would bid no more than \$250 for the look, a sum that would break me economically but would not put me in debt for years to come. And so on the night of the auction, I went to the British Hill tavern and the signed photos of Charles LaBerge and the document bearing Anna Barr's signature were sold. Finally, my lack of hair was answered. "I was a real head on the street," stated the auctioneer, "of four hundred dollars. Do I hear four hundred and ten?"

My heart sank. "I have four hundred," the auctioneer repeated. "It's been a bid from the British Hill tavern on my own head, so head started to jerk upward."

"The stupid one," barked a distinguished-looking fellow sitting beside me, the one who'd come for a few hundred dollars. "I suppose you're bidding four hundred dollars on that?"

My head stopped at chest level. "Sold to the real bidder for four hundred dollars."

I exhaled deeply and slumped in my chair. Five minutes later I purchased item 137 for \$55. It was a single strand of hair from the head of the poet John Keats.



High Life

What Makes a Playboy?

Charm, daring, money, and sex appeal. Rubi had them all

As a beautiful manner Addie broke over the city, a man came out of New Jersey's, the most popular nightclub in Paris. He was impeccably dressed, still well-proportioned despite his well-known stink. He got into a Ferrari and set out down the Boulevard Montparnasse, heading west. Ten minutes later, while crossing the Pont de Beaugrenouille at high speed, the Ferrari undulated a car, crashed a sidewalk, and smashed into a tree. The driver's head snapped against the windshield, and he slumped over the wooden steering wheel.



Witnesses called an ambulance, which arrived approximately ten minutes after the accident.

But on the way to the hospital, Porfirio Ramirez, the last of the great playboys, breathed his last. The time was six o'clock in the morning, July 3, 1985. He was fifty years old.

The day before the accident, Rubi's polo team had won the open tournament of the Argentine Club in the Bois de Boulogne. Rubi had begun celebrating immediately after the match. He used to call such victory doesn't make himself—only liquids were consumed. I celebrated with him. The last thing he said to me as New Jersey's, at five o'clock the next morning, was that I was a girl, a crank, because I missed I had had enough.

Handreds of eager young men tried to emulate Rubi's manner, accent, and way with women. No one observed him more carefully than Gauthier Sachs, a hollow-eyed German with a protruding lip and a cowboy gut. Gauthier used to follow Rubi around like a groupie, but what Gauthier wanted from Rubi, Gauthier couldn't get. It was what politicians call charisma.

Telli Theodoropoulos is a London-based correspondent and author.

glowing terms. He was very romantic with women, but also very firm. Not tough, just firm. In addition to his talent as a bartender, newspaper driver, and dancer, he was reputed to be the most skilled lover since Don Juan. When Rubi was Trapiel's ambassador to Cuba, during the Batista regime, pro-Castro forces threw a hand grenade at his bedroom window. It so happened that Rubi was entertaining a young lady at the time. They survived the blast and reportedly went right back to what they had been doing.

Rubi's best friend was another diplomat, Juan Capurro, a Uruguayan. He too was romantically involved with a young lady in Paris. Capurro was the best-looking man ever lived, a cross between Tyrone Power and Errol Flynn. His passions were as passions as Rubi's. Juan was killed in a high-speed crash somewhere in South America a year after Rubi's death. He was driving home after a party.

The very recklessness that killed Juan and Rubi is an essential ingredient of the playboy's charm. Those who think that Alvy Klien was a playboy have it all wrong. Alvy was born to privilege and always had money. And although he, too, died in a car accident, he was killed going to a party, rather and accompanied by his girl friend and chauffeur. *Ça n'est pas le style.*

As it's not the same thing with the present-day charmer Gauthier Sachs went on to marry Brigitte Bardot, but that only brought him some cheap publicity. I once told him that he could not afford an ounce of mystery, it is Rubi, if his picture and life story were splashed across the pages of every newspaper. He thought I was joking. Perhaps. One thing is for sure, I miss Rubi and his like.

by Taki



Wine Tastes Great (Garbo, second entry from the Screen, on a Parisian scene with Count Leon d'Algon (Charles Boyer)).

Ninotchka

It's the 1939 movie where love triumphs over ideology (that of course) . . . where Paris in April triumphs over Moscow in winter (hardly surprising) . . . and where Garbo triumphs as a comedienne. It's the movie where Leon (Charles Boyer), a charming but dissident count, falls in love with Ninotchka (Garbo), a beautiful but destructive Bolshevik. It's the movie with Isa Claire as Grand Duchess Xenia, Felix Lajmont as Comptroller Rastin, and Sig Ruman, Bela Blum, and Alexander Granach as Ninotchka's comrades on the Soviet Board of Trade. Above all, it's the movie where Ernst Lubitsch had a script (by Charles Brackett, Billy Wilder, and Walter Reisch) worthy of his talent and Garbo had a director worthy of hers.

Favorite scene: Leon has succeeded in getting Ninotchka up to his apartment, but her interest in him seems to be purely sociological. A clock strikes:

LEON: Do you hear that?

NINOTCHKA: It's twelve o'clock.

LEON: It's midnight. One half of Paris is making love to the

other half. Look at the clock. One hand has met the other hand. They kiss. Isn't that wonderful?

NINOTCHKA: That's the way a clock works. There's nothing wonderful about it. You merely feel you must put yourself in a romantic mood to add to your exhilaration.

LEON: I can't possibly think of a better reason.

NINOTCHKA: It's false sentimentality.

LEON: You analyze everything out of existence. You analyze me out of existence. I won't let you. Love is not so simple. Ninotchka, Ninotchka, why do doves bill and coo? Why do birds, couples of crocodiles, circle interminably around each other? Why do moths fly hundreds of miles to find their mate? Why do flowers open their petals? Oh, Ninotchka, Ninotchka, surely you feel some slight symptom of the divine passion . . . a gleam of warmth in the palms of your hands . . . a strange heaviness in your limbs . . . a burning of the lips that is not there but a thousand times more tantalizing, more exciting, than that. Oh, please, waiting for the result of this speech.

NINOTCHKA: You are very talkative. —

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